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EMILE FAGUET.

In the recent death of Emile Faguet, France has lost one of her most distinguished men of letters. As the Professor of French Poetry at the Sorbonne, as a literary critic, as a member of the Academy, he exerted a widespread influence both in his own country and abroad. Students of French literature have long been familiar with his four volumes of remarkable essays, entitled “Literary Studies,” devoted to the representative French writers of the last four centuries, while another series, “Statesmen and Moralists of the XIX Century” is almost as well known. For many years, as dramatic critic of “le Journal des Débats,” he brought to the discussion of modern drama a rare gift of analysis and appreciation. In more recent years he has written extensively on social and political questions. His entire work has been characterized by those typical French qualities of logic, clarity of thought, and brilliancy of style.

As a critic Faguet's primary object was analysis and exposition. His ability to dissect a given writer's work, to discover fundamental ideas, to determine upon the “master faculty” has been equalled only by Taine. He held that the critic should be so objective and impartial as to be able to judge his own work. Fortunately he had an opportunity to put this theory to the test in his own case. He contributed to the “History of French Literature,” edited by M. Petit de Julleville and written by a group of French scholars, the article on criticism from 1850 to 1900 and assigned to himself the position which he will undoubtedly occupy in the history of criticism. In his method, Faguet resembled, as M. Victor Giraud has aptly remarked, a skilful watchmaker, who carefully takes the watch apart and puts it together again in order to understand its mechanism. By this process of analysis and synthesis, he has given us a definite impression of the claim a writer may have upon our attention. Because of his mistrust of too great generalization, he limited himself almost exclusively to the discussion of individuals rather than of periods and movements. He wrote for students of literature, especially the young men of the French universities, and sought to arouse their interest to the point of desiring a more extensive knowledge of the subject, which would allow

them to formulate their own ideas and opinions. The dramatic critic, as he has told us, has attained his goal when he has induced the public to think about and discuss a given play and especially to go to see it. "Initiation into Literature," the title of one of his volumes, summarizes the greater part of his work. His "Literary Studies" offers excellent short introductions to a more detailed study of the representative French writers.

Faguet reckoned literary values chiefly in terms of ideas. The poet's *monumentum aere perennius* must have a foundation of sound thought. Mere beauty of form cannot preserve from oblivion what intellectually is of slight importance. Théophile Gautier, for example, in whom he found a complete absence of ideas, will be unknown in fifty years, except to a few connoisseurs of poetry. While Faguet often failed to understand the imaginative writer, he was at his best with the thinkers and philosophers of literature such as Montaigne, Bayle, and Montesquieu. His interest in ideas gradually led him from purely literary to social and political questions. From a literary study of the XVIII century he turned to "La Politique comparée de Montesquieu, Rousseau et Voltaire" and from the poets and novelists of the last century to the "Statesmen and Moralists of the XIX Century." He has left us a small volume on Nietzsche and a popular introduction to the study of philosophy. He entered into the discussion of modern questions in "Liberalism," "Political Questions," and "Feminism." His best known work of a non-literary character, "The Cult of Incompetence," attacks the inefficiency of democracy. Although an "old liberal," as he called himself, he had Renan's mistrust of democracies. The old battle cry, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," he held to be a contradiction in itself and fearlessly maintained that an aristocracy chosen by some intelligent method of selection and distinguished by its responsibilities rather than its privileges is the *sine qua non* of good government. Here as in his literary criticism we meet the same power of analysis and exposition, the same clear thinking, and above all the ability to understand a point of view radically different from his own.

Although he claimed to be a disciple of Taine, his fear of dogmatism saved him from the tyranny of a rigid system. Systems seemed to him too subjective. He agreed with Brunetière that the critic by confining himself strictly to criticism would retain that necessary impartiality which he might lose, if he entered the field of creative literature. Although undogmatic, he did not, as he

accused Sainte-Beuve of doing, avoid a decision as to the merits or general worth of a writer. He had the somewhat vague criterion of common sense and still believed in what Boileau and the XVII century called 'la raison.' His judgments were conservative and in accordance with the best literary traditions. He could not agree with Michelet that the XVIII century was the Golden Age. For him the century of Rousseau and Voltaire was neither Christian nor French. He aided Brunetière in the rehabilitation of the XVII century and in his article in the "Cambridge Modern History" entitled "The XVII Century Literature and its European Influence" declared that "in no other period have the distinguishing characteristics of French intellect and genius — method, logical sequence of ideas, and lucidity of style — been so conspicuous."

In spite of many excellent qualities, Faguet's criticism has grave defects. There is a lack of breadth and profundity. He contributed nothing to the theory of criticism. His desire for clearness sometimes led him to sacrifice truth to simplification and to put too much sequence into a poet's ideas. Taine made the same mistake when he tried to fit Shakespeare into his system of race and environment. Faguet failed to realize the importance of the introduction of scientific methods into the study of literature. The contributions which M. Lanson and the young men who have been trained by him have made to our knowledge of literary history cannot be ignored by the critic of to-day. Faguet's hatred of pedantry caused him to view with suspicion the increase of "fichomanie," the card-cataloging of literature. He should have seen that, whatever the dangers of these methods in other countries, the instinctive appreciation of the Frenchman will prevent the study of literature from degenerating into an accumulation of statistics. The work of both M. Lanson and M. Bédier is quite sufficient to prove that Faguet's fears in this matter were not justified. Faguet has also been guilty of "a certain intellectual incontinence." He confessed to have written, although not necessarily published, three or four volumes a year. At his death he was undoubtedly the most voluminous writer of his age in France. One of his friends has recently asked the question: "Who has read all his books?" Faguet of late has too frequently repeated himself and has often explained the obvious.

His style is clear and brilliant, though somewhat free and unconventional. It lacks the grace and charm of Jules Lemaitre or Anatole France, and the vigor of Brunetière.

However he possessed a remarkable felicity of phrase and has several times matched Sainte-Beuve's famous description of Chateaubriand, "an Epicurean with a Catholic imagination." Faguet's summary of Voltaire, "un chaos d'idées claires," has become quite as well known. His pages are filled with these apt characterizations. Montaigne is "le médecin de l'âme" who acted as the "literary father-confessor of the XVII century." Balzac has "un tempérament d'artiste avec l'esprit d'un commis-voyageur," and Mme. de Staël is "un esprit européen dans une âme française." His style, whatever its faults may be, never fails to interest us and to hold our attention.

The ultimate position of Faguet in the history of French criticism will not be of much importance. Since the creation of modern French criticism by Sainte-Beuve, who still remains the master, the prominent critics have made some definite contribution to what he bequeathed us. Taine endeavored to place criticism on a strictly scientific basis, to reduce Sainte-Beuve's art to a science. Brunetière applied Darwinism to the study of literature in his theories of the evolution of literary genres. Even the now forgotten Hennequin made an original attempt to unite aesthetics and psychology in his "aesthopsychology." Lemaître and Anatole France, approaching criticism from a point of view entirely different from that of their predecessors, will always be identified with the introduction of impressionism into criticism. Faguet has left us no theory by which we may perpetuate his name, no disciples to carry on his work. We shall always admire the keen interest which he evinced in bringing us to the study of ideas both new and old. He will be classed with those lesser men of French criticism of the last century, Vinet, Schérer, Montégut, and many others, who have upheld the excellent reputation of criticism in France and who in other lands, where the standards of criticism are not as high, might have attained greater fame.

JAMES F. MASON.

CASUAL COMMENT.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE FINDS that the new Japan has sold her birthright for a mess of pottage. From burial in feudalism and the meditations of Buddah, she has been swept into the whirlpool of modern civilization, and now being satisfied with externals she lives an external life and nothing else. Her crowds jostle you, rapidly take note of

your face, offer their faces to you for observation, and pass on. Unessentials are satisfying because they can be obtained so easily and dropped so easily. It is a comfort to us—young and slandered—Americans sometimes to see the philosophic scourge laid on the backs of other people. One is tempted to quote in this connection:

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
e terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.

However, perhaps there is great truth in Tagore's observations made in his address at Osaka to the merchants of Japan. In watching others swimming in the materialistic sea, let us look out for the waves ourselves.

In the autumn the famous poet comes to America, where he will likewise hold the mirror up to nature—after he has finished with Japan. While here, he will deliver a series of eighteen lectures at some of the leading American universities.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION'S meeting in New York City during the first part of July proved interesting in many ways. Dr. P. P. Claxton, Federal Commissioner of Education, delivered an address in which he suggested that perhaps an efficient way to discover the best system of education for the American child was for the government, at its own expense, to establish educational experimental stations where many or all systems might be given due trial, records kept of them in the using, and also records of the results evident in the after life of the various pupils experimented upon. "If a million dollars were at the disposal of the National Bureau of Education I would select several good schools in various parts of the country that would try the experiments that seem worth trying through a period of years. To spend Government money on such an undertaking for a short time would be to waste the money without learning anything that could be depended upon. It should run through several generations of the school and through the administrations of several teachers to eliminate from the result all accidents of personalities. The test would not be entirely complete until the children experimented upon had grown up and shown the results of their schooling." Such are his words. They have a ringing sound; but why not consider the poor child already the subject of over-experimentation. Besides after all is it not these personalities alone which make any education education? Put before a child a course of great and glowing personalities, a book of "Plutarch's Lives" or an "Autobi-

ography of Benjamin Franklin," and under the direction of a live personality he must be educated. We now and then unfortunately forget this in all our haste to shine "in the spangles of science." However, due consideration ought to be given the Federal Commissioner's measured words. They bespeak a determination to build solidly and from within.

"THE NATION" PUTS ITS FINGER on the spot which hurts in contemporary life: the family life is fast disappearing or is gone. The automobile and cinematograph, devices for fast and exhilarating entertainment, devices which have disrupted family gatherings at evening among both rich and poor, have quite abolished the old reading circles which in recent generations proved so great a bond of union and education in the home. The germ of speed, when once in the blood, has proved almost ineradicable. It is the very bacillus which corrupted the Romans.

IN THIS YEAR OF THE SHAKESPEARE TERCEN-
TENARY it is well to call to mind some of those old reading hours, when Shakespeare proved to be the chiefest author of the evening. In the last two centuries, most prominent among those who enabled our most English poet to become more English, was Thomas Bowdler, editor of the first "Family Edition" of Shakespeare's works. This somewhat notorious gentleman, physician, and editor, was born at Ashley, near Bath, on July 11, 1754. After his university years at St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and four years of travel, he settled in London, where he became a great friend of the "Bluestockings" and other wits of the day who gathered at the house of the brilliant Mrs. Montague, wife of the wealthy and prominent son of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. He was an energetic philanthropist and prison-worker; and in 1818 published the edition which has given his name to the language. The verb "to bowdlerize," first known to occur in General Perronet Thomson's "Letters of a Representative to his Constituents," 1836, signifies "to expurgate by omitting or modifying words or passages considered indelicate or offensive," and is associated with false squeamishness or pruriency. However, this obloquy is perhaps undeserved; for Dr. Bowdler was at a noble task: bringing Shakespeare to the youths of his country. Swinburne was right in saying that "nobody ever did better ser-

vice to Shakespeare than the man who made it possible to put him in the hands of intelligent and imaginative children."

THE TWO SAMUEL BUTLERS have a way of getting themselves tangled up together in probably more minds than a few. Every one knows that one Samuel Butler wrote *Hudibras*, and many have heard of a second Samuel Butler who wrote "Erewhon," while the fact that this younger Butler was the grandson of still another of the same name may or may not help to clarify the situation. And recently there has been report of the discontinuance of the annual meetings of the Samuel Butler Society, and, to add to the general bewilderment, the newspapers and literary reviews are just now advertising "The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler, which might implant in some careless minds the notion of a living popular author thus named. Certain points of resemblance, with many more of difference, in the two Samuel Butlers do not, on the whole, very much assist the man in the street to keep before him a clear-cut image of Samuel senior and one of Samuel junior. Perhaps the best plan in all this vexatious snarl is to open one's "Britannica" or other modern reference book and try to puzzle it out once for all.

EDGAR ALLAN POE HAS RECENTLY APPEARED in a complete edition of five volumes, "The National Library" (Stokes). Critics have been in doubt whether to class Poe as an immortal or a charlatan. Henry James calls his critical ability "the most complete specimen of provincialism ever prepared for the edification of man"; George Bernard Shaw calls him "the greatest journalistic critic of his times,"—a poet whose failures were more iridescent than the most complete successes of Lord Tennyson. Between such limits, Edgar Allan Poe may surely find a resting place indisputably his own. Truly, critics never agree.

THE MEMORY OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE is soon to receive a belated tribute. Salem has neglected her illustrious citizen too long; and now a memorial association composed of prominent men of letters, both American and English, is taking steps to render more enduring the fame of the great novelist. The devastating fire in Salem compelled work on similar lines to be abandoned until recently. Bela L. Pratt, sculptor, is to do the proposed statue when the funds are gathered.

It should be indeed an honor to commemorate the man who perhaps has done as much as any single author to extend the name of American literature beyond its own coasts.

. . .

A SEVERE YOUNG POET, severe with that uncompromising severity characteristic of youth (youth that has most of its sins still in the future), has been castigating his university, his class, and his contemporaries generally. Mr. Robert Cutler, class poet at Harvard, laments the idleness of wasted college days, and upbraids his Alma Mater for having waxed corpulent in body and dwindled in soul, for having "grown and grown in disregard of quality." A characteristic stanza from this young poet-reformer, whom we shall hope to hear from again in the near future when he shall have added more of the constructive element to his criticism, is the following:

The measure of all things is quality.
Four walls have never made a college yet,
And never shall: though student company
From distant ends of earth together met
Repays unnumbered times its foster debt,
Yet who can say in how true coin or when?
The dullard legion is not worthy yet
To supersede the bright, industrious ten.
Give us a university of minds, not men!

. . .

A DELEGATION OF FRENCH EDUCATORS recently visited the University of Leeds, in order to further the union of the French and British nations. Professor Gentil, professor of petrography at the University of Paris, addressed the gathering in French, offering the hope that the universities would seal the friendships which their brothers in arms had already cemented on the battlefield. After the war a terrible calamity will strike both nations even more poignantly than now: the decimation of its youth. Those universities in either country which have answered so nobly the call of their land's need—Oxford has given 8,500 men to the enlistment rolls and Cambridge 8,850—will have it on their hands to recover the educational status of their respective nations, and in the face of unprepared and poverty-stricken students there will be the more insurmountable need of enough young instructors to do the work. Already many of the more vigorous teachers have gone to the front, and the task of those who are left is Herculean. Always and everywhere men who are overworked and underpaid, they now are forced to double their exertions in order to fill up the gaps left by their absent colleagues and to adjust their

slender incomes to the new economic conditions. After the war, particularly in the British Isles, the panic of these economic changes will stir up all departments of the population to clamor for changes in that educational system which has for so many centuries cultivated English gentlemen and scholars in order to make way for a new schooling, a schooling in terms of individual and national practicality. In the apotheosis of carpentry and ditch-digging, there will be great danger of forgetting that "material efficiency is only a small part of the ends of education and any attempt to place it at the forefront of concern cannot fail of condemnation from those who are able to take a long view on such matters." It is an axiom that a broadly cultivated man, a man who knows the past and the present, their tendencies, goods, and dangers; a man, who

To his native center fast,
Shall into Future fuse the Past,
And the world's flowing fates into his own
mould recast;

is of more value to his country than the man who only knows his particular trade or hobby. The one can rise to any occasion sooner or later, while the other if he move beyond his sphere is worthless. This happy attempt at closer union between the French and British universities ought to mean much for better balance in the days of post-bellum reorganization.

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THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS has recently been formally incorporated by act of Congress. It has become a national institution, and one of which we may be proud. Too long have American letters languished for recognition. The French nation for three hundred years has fully recognized the imperative value of a national literature nationally received. We who are so close to the Frenchman in his principles of government, so close in many of our artistic ideals, should be thankful for this adoption of what approximates in a small measure the French Academy. Welcome, Monsieur Lavis! Welcome, Monsieur Brioux! We thank you for the greeting from your illustrious body. The French Academy, which will soon celebrate its third centenary, wishes a long and glorious life to the new-born academy, which bears the bright name of American Academy of Arts and Letters. Those are words of good will, and we appreciate them. May they be fulfilled as splendidly as have been the dreams of that great Cardinal who builded well both a nation and its citadel of national literature.

THE DEATH OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, July 22, 1916, calls to mind how time progresses. Most of us had almost considered the venerable poet as one of the long-past dead rather than as one of the vibrant and gesticulating living, so long had it been since we had heard his voice, so long since the tenor of his verse had reflected the moving spirit of his day. Yet his pleasant manners and sweet and humble characterizations, his humorous sketches, and whimsical simplicity of observation won him a secure place as "the poet of the heart and home." His songs were grateful in the midst of much mere weariness and prettiness, and although theirs was not the superabundant exuberance which casts its energies around the planets or man in his titanic and creative mode, still they were delightfully sincere and forgiving. Truly, the whole nation does unite in President Wilson's message of condolence with the family of the deceased poet. He was one who had no enemies, deserving none.

. . .

WHEN A NEW AND PROMISING PLAYWRIGHT appears before the public the public should be most intensely grateful, but how much more so when a dramatist appears. Bernt Lie was known exclusively as a novelist till recently; now in a most worthy fashion he receives the mantle of Ibsen in giving forth "En Racekamp," a three-act play of subtle tragedy. This sombre drama—this "race-feud," to render in English its Norwegian title—is in words what that other vivid study of Finnish psychology, "The Finlandia" of Sibellius, is in music. It is hard to say which is the more photographie. A family of feudal standing, named Skram, has for generations owned a rich copper mine in North Norway, itself among an alien Turanian population. The great Peter, grandfather of the present owner, ruled his principality with a heavy hand, and lived in greatest luxury, and ruthlessness; but on his death everything went to ruin. Peter Skram, the second, returns after some years with his young wife, Ingeborg, and determines to reopen the mine. Marja-Nilas, the Finnish overseer of her husband's property, poisons her contentment with his extracts from the family history. Unconscious of his steward's infidelity, Skram confidently undertakes to work the digging on a more humane basis than his grandfather, and employs the assistance of a young southland engineer, Kristian Sending. Meanwhile, through connivance, the governor of the province arrives, and before this representative of civilized law the

Finns protest against the reopening of the mines and the iniquities of a former rule. Skram becomes so infuriated that he almost assaults the ringleader of the natives. The protests of the Finns are in vain; the great hall of the mine is prepared for dynamiting. Then the party from the manor comes to inspect the work. Ingeborg and Sending, old friends, are left alone, and they cannot resist each other. Marja-Nilas, whom when young, the Great Peter had robbed of a woman's love, throws off the mask of his hatred for the race of Skram, and conducts the second Peter to a spot where he can see the two lovers. A struggle ensues between the tormented husband and the goading overseer; a lamp is upset; the fuse is fired; and a great explosion involves all the characters in destruction. Much would depend upon the acting of the actual presentation as to whether or not the play would descend into melodrama or be sublimated into something approaching true tragedy.

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THE MOST FAMOUS SERIAL ever published, as the always instructive and entertaining "Tit-Bits" points out, was that which, running for forty-three numbers, though first planned to end in twelve, in "The National Era," of Washington, sixty-five years ago, has since been translated into twenty-two languages, and in book form has had the largest circulation of any book in the world except the Bible. So says our English authority, and we have no facts or figures with which to refute the assertion. The story, of course, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written as it ran, and bringing to its author three hundred dollars in its serial form—a princely remuneration as Mrs. Stowe was inclined to view it at that time. But when the book, timidly rejected by a prominent publisher with fears of alienating Southern patronage, and finally accepted by an obscure but more venturesome firm, made its appearance, it needed only six months to bring to its writer the sum of twenty thousand dollars on a ten per-cent royalty. It is curious to recall that at about the same time another woman writer achieved an astonishing success with a serial story that started as modestly and unexpectedly as did Mrs. Stowe's immortal creation. "Jessica's First Prayer," by a contributor signing herself "Hesba Stretton," was accepted by the editor of "Sunday at Home" and won immediate success. In book form this simple tale has run into the millions and been read with delight in nearly all the tongues of the civilized world.

THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME" was in many ways an extraordinary man; but though John Howard Payne wrote many poems and several plays, he is only remembered by this ballad. He was an actor and playwright of some ability, and a great habitué of literary circles in the London of his day. The following anecdote, related in the New York "Mirror" of August 8, 1835, is illustrative of his versatility and good memory. William Elliston, theater manager in Manchester and Birmingham, had gone up to London in search of "talent," and while there was introduced to Payne, who at the time was doing editorial work. Becoming friendly, he invited him to visit him at Manchester to see the way they treated Shakespeare in that city. Unfortunately, the night they arrived the actor who was to play Richard III. failed to appear. What was to be done? Had Payne played the part? Yes, but long ago; he had forgotten it entirely. Elliston requested him to repeat what he remembered. Payne complied with some hesitation, and the manager was so enthused and relieved that he asked him to take the part that evening. The astonished Payne refused. Then he was asked if he would only finish what he had just begun. When Payne finished, he looked around. The manager had disappeared. In a few minutes, however, he returned. Again he asserted that he could not possibly undertake a rôle whose business he had utterly forgotten. Elliston insisted; in fact, told him that at that very instant his name was on every billboard in the city. The quick-witted manager had seized his opportunity while Richard was evolving from the unconscious actor's brain, and had taken the bull by the horns. Richard III. was never acted better in Manchester than on that occasion; although afterwards the leading man professed that he had only spouted something like the original.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE IN SHAKESPEARE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In his truly epoch-making book, "The Psychopathology of Every-Day Life," Professor Freud, the greatest reader of the human soul since Shakespeare, maintains and proves that "slips of the tongue" are not the meaningless manifestations of inattention that they are generally considered to be, but the unintentional expression of the speaker's real thoughts. A person makes a slip of the tongue when he speaks of one thing while thinking of another, perhaps without even being conscious of the intruding thought. This accounts for a large class of neologisms and other apparent

absurdities in speech, for example, saying "braveageous" when one is choosing between the words "brave" and "courageous." This also accounts, in part, for the very common peculiarity of persons saying the opposite of what they intend. The intruding thought always stands in some sort of relationship to the subject the speaker is discussing, and is a manifestation of a repressed train of thought. Another kind of slip of the tongue occurs when a speaker is about to say something that is in conflict with his wishes. Thus an embarrassed and dissatisfied presiding officer at a convention declared the meeting "adjourned" when he should have said "open." A third class of slips of the tongue occurs when a person utters another word or name than the one intended. This happens only if some disagreeable experience or emotion is associated in the speaker's mind with the intended word or name. Thus some time ago a psychoanalyst spoke of the joint authorship of Bleuler and Freud when he meant to say Breuer and Freud. The explanation for the slip lay, among other things, in the speaker's dislike for Breuer because he was not as favorably disposed to the new psychology as Bleuler is and because he regretted Breuer's association with Freud's early work. More personal causes were also involved. The resemblance between the two names had little to do with it, as is easily enough demonstrable. A fourth kind of slip of the tongue occurs when a speaker involuntarily divulges something he is thinking of but which he wants to conceal. The error is due to insufficient attention.

Shakespeare, like many others, poets and novelists, with the intuition characteristic of genius, understood the psychology of slips of the tongue, and now and then introduced one into his plays very effectively. In "As You Like It" (IV, 3, 132), Oliver, describing to the disguised Rosalind and Celia, how Orlando, single-handed, gave battle to a hungry lioness that he might save from death his wicked and unnatural brother, betrays his identity by a slip of the tongue. Carried away by his own emotion in the narration of the stirring encounter, in which he always speaks of himself in the third person, he exclaims: "in which hurtling [= din of conflict] from miserable slumber I awak'd." This facilitates the forward movement of the play, and does away with the necessity of a formal introduction. (In one of the tales of Margaret of Navarre there is a similar betrayal of identity by a slip of the tongue.) A little later in the same scene (IV, 3, 159), Rosalind, Celia's supposed brother (IV, 3, 88), swoons at the sight of the napkin dyed in her lover's blood; thereupon Celia, greatly alarmed, and forgetting the rôle Rosalind is playing, exclaims: "Cousin!" but suddenly realizing her mistake she seeks to correct it by exclaiming, "Ganymede!" Some editors, forgetting that Rosalind is posing as Celia's brother, say there is no slip of the tongue here and that "cousin" is "used loosely" as often by Shakespeare, in the sense of "niece, nephew, uncle, brother-in-law, and grandchild." They indicate this in their text by reading "Cousin Ganymede!" instead of, as Johnson suggested, "Cousin — Ganymede!"

Othello, consumed with jealousy, seeks to control his passion and show a calm exterior while reading the letter from the Venetian senate ordering his recall; but so overwhelmed is he with anger on hearing Desdemona speak of her "love for Cassio" that he cannot contain himself and bursts out (IV, 1, 229) with the words, "Fire and brimstone!" before he is aware of it, and thus betrays to us the volcanic passion that is raging within him. This is, of course, also true of his exclamation (IV, 1, 222), "Are you sure of that?" when his unsuspecting wife says to her kinsman that he "shall make all well" between her husband and Cassio. These slips of his prepare us for the utter loss of self-control that manifests itself when he strikes her a few minutes later. His pent-up passion must find a vent or precipitate him into another epileptic spell—which would be inartistic, would enlist our sympathies in his behalf (instead of Desdemona's), would puzzle the senate, and would confuse the issues.

An admirable instance of a slip of the tongue occurs in "Twelfth Night" (II, 5, 62). Malvolio, the priggish and conceited Steward, sitting in the orchard, is indulging in a typical day-dream of future greatness. In his mind's eye he sees himself married to the Lady Olivia and revels in the fantasy of lording it over those who have incurred his displeasure. He orders Sir Toby, his pet aversion, to be brought before him. "Seven of my people," says he, "with an obedient start make out for him; I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel." The dash after "my" does not occur in the Folio, and some modern editors omit it, interpreting "my some rich jewel" to mean "some rich jewel of mine." Daniel suggested changing the words "my some" to "my handsome," and Dyce proposed omitting the word "my" as an accidental repetition resulting from the preceding "my watch." Collier introduced the dash, and explained the passage thus: "Malvolio, after mentioning his watch, wants to mention some other jewelled ornament, but is unable to think of one at the moment and therefore merely says 'some rich jewel.' Nicholson, retaining Collier's dash, explains the passage in a manner which 'carries instant and complete conviction' (Furness). He says: 'There is here a true touch of nature and a most humorous one. While Sir Toby is being fetched to the presence, the Lord Malvolio would frowningly wind up his watch or play with—and here from force of habit he fingers [the chain about his neck, his badge of office], and is about to add 'play with my chain,' but suddenly remembering that he would be no longer a steward, or other gold-chained attendant, he stops short, and then confusedly [covers up his slip of the tongue and] alters his phrase to—'some rich jewel.' The watch may, by association, have suggested the chain."

A striking and significant slip of the tongue, which has not escaped the critics, occurs in "Macbeth" (I, 5, 34—ed. Furness). Lady Macbeth, her mind occupied with murderous thoughts awakened by her husband's letter, is impatiently and tigress-like pacing her room

when one of her servants enters and announces the coming of the King. In her then state of mind it would have been madness for the King knowingly to put himself in her power. The shock of surprise momentarily robs her of her self-control and she bursts out: "Thou'rt mad to say it." Then, fearing that she has betrayed what is beating in her brain, she adds: "Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so, would have inform'd for preparation."

In "The Tempest" (III, 1, 36-37) the charming, innocent, love-infected Miranda in an unguarded moment betrays her name—which she was forbidden to reveal—to her equally infected lover by as pretty a *lapseus linguae* as may be found anywhere in literature.

Early in 1910, Dr. Otto Rank announced that he had discovered in one of Shakespeare's plays, "The Merchant of Venice" (III, 2, 3-18), an instance of a *lapseus linguae* determined by "the disturbing influence of a suppressed thought," namely, in Portia's speech to Bassanio just before he chooses the casket that is to determine their fate. She, perfectly happy in her love, is content to have him "peize the time, eke it out and draw it out in length, to stay him from election"; but he, impatient and impetuous adventurer—and needy, too—is bent on getting through with the business. To her the result means either eternal misery or eternal happiness; to him the gain or loss of a fortune—and a wife. Under these circumstances she addresses him as follows:

"Forbear a while! —
There's something tells me—but it is not love —
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But—lest you should not understand me well —
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So [i. e. forsworn] will I never be; so may you
miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.—Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd [= bewitched] me, and
divided me;
One half of me is yours,—th' other half *yours*,
Mine own, I would [= should] say; but if mine,
then yours,
And so all yours."

Commenting on the above passage Dr. Rank says: "[Portia] would like to tell [Bassanio] that even in the event of failure, he should be assured of her love; but is prevented from doing so by her solemn promise to her father." In this mental discord she addresses her suitor with the words quoted and makes the slip of the tongue indicated in italics. According to Rank, Portia meant to say: "One-half of me is yours, the other half *mine*," but her tongue slipped into saying "the other half *yours*." He continues: "What she intended only to hint at remotely, because she ought really not to have said anything about it, namely, that she loves him and is *wholly* his even before he chooses, the poet—with admirable psychologic insight—allows to leak out in a slip of the tongue and by this device manages to allay the unbearable uncertainty of the

lover [!] and the distressing tension of the audience as to the outcome of the selection."

Dr. Rank's rendering of Portia's meaning and Shakespeare's motive does not satisfy me. I can find no slip of the tongue, accidental or intentional, in Portia's disclosure of the conflict between her love and her determination to continue loyal to her father's behest. It is impossible to read her words and not find in them a frank admission of her love. She makes no attempt to conceal the true state of her emotions. This love of hers is too serious a matter for trifling; with her earnestness and sincerity, she raises the choice of the caskets to the dignity of a solemn religious ceremony, and thus justifies her father's strange injunction. It is true she says, "it is not love"; but who that has a heart does not feel that the words, spoken with arch playfulness, mean the direct opposite of what they purport? Then, as if fearing that Bassanio's masculine stupidity in such matters might not interpret her aright ("lest you should not understand me well"), and as if reproaching herself for not having told the truth, and perhaps for having caused him a moment's pain, she assures him that "hate counsels not in such a quality." Any actress who has a feeling of her business, and every reader that has but half a heart and a little imagination, would read the line in question: "One-half of me is yours,—th' other half . . . yours." Portia, having just confessed that her lover's eyes had bewitched and divided her, speaks as if she meant to say that she retained one-half of herself for herself, but—with a sudden ebullition of her love and with a complete self-surrender—she frankly admits that she is wholly his; one-half of me is yours,—the other half—is also yours. In this way we rise to a climax from her preliminary "it is not love" to her culminating "all yours." Dr. Rank was probably misled in his interpretation by taking the word "I would say" to mean "I intended to say" instead of "I should [or ought to] say"—a meaning that the word "would" often had in Shakespeare's day. Incidentally it may be remarked that the tension of the audience (or reader) is in no danger of breaking. Those who have read this play carefully and are acquainted with Shakespeare's method know that Portia's approval of Nerissa's praises of Bassanio, and a few other touches in the first two acts, sufficiently apprise the audience of the fact that Bassanio is destined to choose the right casket. That is perhaps one reason why the great necromancer does not treat us to even a single love-scene between Portia and Bassanio.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

New York, June 28, 1916.

POETRY AND OTHER THINGS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the New Republic of March 11, Edward Storer assures us that free verse is no longer an experiment but has "become a recognized medium of literary expression." Almost every modern poet uses it exclusively or in addition to his regular verse. He is not, however, entirely satisfied with the result: "We use it because we must, because

it is more real than the conventional meters and possesses a living rhythm as opposed to their dilettante rhythm, and also because it is directed by an intenser rhythmical ardor than prose." Structurally then it stands half way between the older poetry and prose. The poet who would give expression to modern realities, he says, must either use it or prose. The only reason why he should not resort to the latter, so far as appears, is that there would be a loss of rhythmical ardor. The material would be just the same.

What then is rhythmical ardor? What is a living rhythm? The latter, I suppose, is a natural as opposed to a studied or artificial rhythm. "All writing," he tells us, meaning all spoken language, "we must suppose, has a rhythmical beat of some kind, and language as it tends toward a greater symbolical intensity of feeling tends also toward a more pronounced and formal rhythm." This I take to mean that there is a sort of rhythm in the most prosaic prose, and as the feeling which strives to clothe itself in language becomes intense, the language will become more rhythmic; that is, it will more and more take on the form of the traditional meters. In other words, prose informed by emotion, will pass into free verse on its way to formal or regular verse which it will not quite reach. But this in no way explains the reason for dividing it into lines. This he proceeds to make clear to himself. The interior rhythm—whatever that may be—existing in prose, asserts itself in much greater degree in free verse, "Gathering intensity and form as it develops from the lax and wayward rhythm of prose, it tends to impose itself on the eye as well as upon the interior hearing and to demand the line length."

It is not all in the eye however. "The verse may be said rather to divide itself into lengths according to some almost unconscious combined action of ear and eye pressed into the service of the verse by the dominating impulse of the poet." It is not a "cutting up prose into lines." It is an "instinctive impulse of the verse itself whose interior vigor craves such an arrangement."

It may be doubted whether verse, apart from the mind of the poet, has an impulse or interior vigor that craves anything at all. So far as form is concerned the process is just as artificial as an arrangement in measured lines. It is a matter of *carving*, rather; it requires the combined action of eye and hand. The poet does not want his verse to look like prose, hence the division into variform lines and assorted meters. What the impulse or interior vigor has tried to do he tells us is "to secure a regular rhythmic content for its expression. Free verse is verse true in material and inspiration which has not succeeded in obtaining for itself a definite form." This means that free verse would, if it could, express itself in the dilettante rhythm and ordered meters of regular verse. It fails because its material cannot be forced into the traditional moulds. Here again we might suppose that the material and inspiration of free verse would depend largely on the poet, and indeed, Mr. Storer recognizes the fact. The poet fails, he tells us, because he is still under the "debilitating influences of a dilettante sense of poetry, which should

really be content with the old conventional verse forms." "The great majority of rhymsters and verse makers" should in fact use nothing but the old forms. They will produce drawing-room poetry which will please themselves and their friends. It will have no relation with modern life. "They will pour these perfumed ecstasies into the delicious old vessels, where all their life and character will be lost."

All these dissenters from the orthodox fold have a great deal to say about the realities of modern life. Amy Lowell labels Milton and Dante back numbers, because they are completely out of focus with the realities of modern life. What are these realities and how do they differ from the realities of ancient or medieval life? All life is made up of psychological factors which react against the material world. The old poetry dealt with the hopes and fears, desires, aspirations, passions, love and hate of men and women and the actions resulting therefrom. Modern poetry will perhaps try to see how the change of view in philosophy and religion, and the advance of science and industrial development affects these primary and permanent motives. This field is, however, pretty fully occupied by the novelist and story writer, who have an immense advantage over the free versifier, hampered as he is by the harrowing doubt as to the proper division of his lines and the debilitating influence of the old poetry which will not allow him to divide into paragraphs or periods as in other forms of prose.

Prose it is, generally speaking, spite of protest. Poetic material it may sometimes have which deserves a better setting. A few examples will make this clear. In the April "Atlantic" Professor Lewis Worthington Smith pays his disrespects to some verses printed in a daily paper which had received the editorial endorsement that they were "worthy of place in any anthology of English literature." Professor Smith criticises them as commonplace and not poetry at all. With the subject matter I have no present concern. What I wish to emphasize is that apart from an arbitrary division into lines it is, in structure, just prose. Here it is before the eye got in its work.

"I will arise: I will go up into the lofty places apart from all man's work, and there commune with God and mine own soul. I will search out by lonely thought some meaning or accord or radiant sanction that may justify the ways of life. The void and troubled world will I renounce, to gain in solitude what the world gave not—sense of life's design."

Let it be noted here that this is far more metrical than most free verse, and the division of lines as will be seen later, is not very remote from ordinary blank verse. Now suppose that you, never having seen the poem, should hear it read, could you form any idea at all as to how the author had divided his lines? Under the licence of free verse there are a half a dozen ways at least, all equally good and none of them changing the value in the least. What the author did do is this:

I will arise;
I will go up into the lofty places

Apart from all man's work, and there commune
With God and mine own soul. I will search out
By lonely thought some meaning or accord
Or radiant sanction that may justify
The ways of life. The void and troubled world
Will I renounce, to gain in solitude
What the world gave not—sense of life's design.

In passing I may note the fact that the writer has not wholly freed himself from poetic diction and those inversions which Amy Lowell considers the bane of the old poetry. Other arrangement of lines I leave to the ingenuity of the reader. Any one who has read Dickens will recall page after page more regular in meter than the above, which could be easily divided into lines of nearly uniform length. It was not at all intended to be poetry. The rhythm is simply that in which the thought of the writer, driven by a deep emotion, took form.

Lincoln's Gettysburg speech has been put into the form of free verse, without changing it to the ear in the least. It remains just what it was, a noble bit of prose. For further illustration I take an extract from an account of the recent flood in Holland. It is just a specimen of the ordinary reporter's English, the writer having not the most remote suspicion that he was writing poetry. I shall take the liberty to set him in his proper place among the writers of free verse:

When the terrific gale
That had been raging many days
Came to a climax of fury;
First the moaning, blood-curdling
Song of the waves,
The rumble and crash of thunder,
And the roar of the onslaught on the dykes;
Then the snapping and tearing
As the sea wall gave way
And the shrieking of the storm gods
As the ocean poured over the stricken land.

Notice the nearly regular meter of some of the lines. Here too the lines might be variously divided.

It is not necessary to multiply examples. To those who disagree with me they would prove nothing. To my mind they show clearly that the difference between impassioned prose and free verse is merely the division into lines—it is poetry to the eye only. What then has the eye to do with poetry?

Without being too minute we may say the eye perceives nothing but form and color or gradations of light. Structurally, poetry is altogether a matter of *sound* with which the eye has nothing to do; and this is of course equally true of prose. What it is to the mind we need not concern ourselves here, for we are only discussing the mechanics of verse. Spoken language long preceded the written. It is made up of sounds which at some time resolved themselves into long and short or accented and unaccented syllables on which rhythm depends. These are perceived by the ear only which conveys their meaning to the mind. Writing is a sort of mechanical memory. The eye reports to the mind certain symbols which represent sounds to which meanings have been attached. In reading we mentally reproduce these sounds, or if not fully, their rhythm. In speaking

or reading aloud we actually reproduce them. Poetry therefore, aside from its intellectual content is a matter of sound not of sight.

Nor must we forget the relation of poetry to music and painting. Music is the language of emotion, pure and simple. Poetry shares its rhythm and part of its emotion which it strives to embody in language. The minstrel sang his verses, as some modern poets do, somewhat as the priest intones the litany. Music conveys no specific information but does communicate its emotion. Poetry loses a part of the simple emotion but adds a certain, intellectual content. In prose at its lowest terms there is no emotion, but definite information for the intellect only. In both primarily, the ear, not the eye, is addressed. Painting and the other arts reveal their meaning, part emotion and part knowledge, to the eye. Of all the arts poetry and music are nearest akin. Hand in hand they have come down through the ages. There is, to be sure, a new music which seeks to free itself from the old forms but its capricious and vagrant rhythm does not bring it into nearer accord with free verse.

But once more, why may not the realities of modern life be put in regular verse? Is it more difficult than to put the realities of any age into regular verse? Modern life is immensely complex in its activities but the fundamental facts and motives are just the same as "when brains full-blooded ticked two centuries since." "The Ring and the Book" deals with the same problems we have to-day and many of us think that, despite much which may be criticised, Browning has handled them pretty well. There has been great advance in science, great changes in philosophy and religious views and Milton and Dante are out of focus with this development but not with that of their own age. The latter is, indeed, in touch with the deep realities of all life. Which of our moderns has told so moving a story as that of Francesca da Rimini and her lover?

That which greatly separates us from the past is our enormous industrial development. Ours is the age of great factories, rolling mills, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, automobiles, Panama Canals, great engineering projects, the "movies," and machine music. The poetic material in all this is not large and what there is can be put into the old poetic forms if one is willing to spend the necessary time and labor. Whether this is worth while is another question. The writer of free verse thinks, correctly no doubt, that with less labor he can use a great deal more of the raw material. It does not occur to him that in eliminating the old forms he has destroyed the characteristic feature of poetry, nor that he could use much more of this material and to greater satisfaction in prose. He quite ignores the fact that prose at its best is a very fine art indeed, little inferior to real poetry.

Speaking still of form — not substance — there is no doubt at all that real poets have plenty of trouble in putting their thought and feeling into regular verse. The difficulty is extreme and increases with the artificiality of the form. It does limit the thought. The sonnet, perfect in its music,

without redundancy or padding or commonplace, is almost non-existent. What then? These forms were chosen for their intrinsic beauty not because they were useful. The sonnet is a gem, not a prize squash.

Go back as far as we please we shall find the same limitations, differing perhaps in degree. I do not believe that Homer, in a state of mental exaltation, improvised his hexameters, to the accompaniment of his harp but that he spent laborious days, with many experiments, in preparing that which he would recite at a sitting. I do not believe that Milton "lisp'd in numbers" except as most children make rhymes, or that the "numbers came" unsought. Blank verse is the easiest of all and, except in a very few hands, the least satisfactory. Rhyme, nothing in itself, adds wonderfully to the effect and also to the difficulty. The arrangement of the lines in the stanza is a further complication. It is a dull ear nevertheless that does not find an increase of beauty in this complexity, as a matter of sound or music.

All this of course does not make poetry but it is, I think, an integral part of it. There must be the elevated thought and vibrant emotion, which again by itself does not make poetry. We find this in kind if not quite in degree, in prose and perhaps in free verse. What I have seen in free verse, of which I have read very little, is a certain extravagance in phrase to make up for rather indifferent matter. Walt Whitman sending "his barbaric yawp over the house tops" set the fashion. What, in the extract first quoted, is a "radiant sanction"? And does light ooze "out of the tree tops into the white gaps of the sky"? And does one, after a bath, "smell the stars"? Mrs. Comer in her "Poetry of To-day," in the April "Atlantic," quotes a little poem of which she says, "It would be hard to recall more vividly an August afternoon":

O wind
rend open the heat,
cut apart the heat,
rend it sideways.

Fruit cannot drop
through this thick air;
that presses up and blunts
the points of pears
and rounds the grapes.

Cut the heat
plough through it
turning it on either side
of your path.

Now to start with, the writer's specifications have no place "in realities of modern life" or any other. The air of an August afternoon is not thick but grows thinner in proportion to the increase of heat. It does not press up but on all sides of the pear alike. That the hot air should blunt the points of pears is one of those extravagant conceits, supposed to show originality, which to an alienist would tend to show a disordered mind. But now let us see how it looks without a division into lines. I have in one place substituted a comma for a semi-colon which clearly does not belong there.

"O wind rend open the heat, cut apart the heat, rend it sideways. Fruit cannot drop in this thick air, that presses up and blunts the points of pears and rounds the grapes. Cut the heat plough through it turning it on either side of your path." The punctuation could still be much improved but it would not make poetry of that which is only rather poor prose. If there were a literary Pure Food Law the author might be prosecuted for misbranding.

To sum up in a word: All spoken language is made up of sounds to which meanings have been attached. The sounds are addressed to the ear only; the meanings, through the ear, to mind and heart. The eye has nothing to do with either. In written language the eye interprets the sound symbols, nothing more. Prose in any form is prose, but poetry, good or bad, is poetry by virtue of its form. Destroy that and, whatever the content may be, it is no longer poetry.

I cannot believe that free verse is to become a permanent literary form. It is in my view a hybrid on whose sterility we may pretty certainly reckon.

H. E. WARNER.

RECENT FICTION.*

Perhaps there will be Americans who will discover the Lightning Conductor by means of C. N. and A. M. Williamson's new book, which tells how he discovered America. There may be some (there was till lately at least one) who knew that remarkable person only through report and the covers or beautiful jackets of previous works. Those who already know these entertaining books will merely skim over a review to see if the reviewer agrees with them. As to those who do not know—although Nars-ed-Din in the old tale said "There is no use in talking to such stupid people"—yet they may not in this case really be stupid, considering the size and intelligence of our reading public. Such people may be told that this book is a very amusing combination of narratism and description: narratism in an exciting and mysterious love story; description in accounts of all sort of attractive places in New York and New England.

As for the story, it is of the sort mentioned by Miss Patricia Moore herself, the chief young lady, the model for the frontispiece, writing to Adrienne de Montcourt about the events in which she is playing a conspicuous part; she asks herself "can such things go

on"? Miss Moore had previously written something about the "writings of critics who live by having opinions about other people." (This, by the way, is only her imaginative way of putting things; nobody lives by that means; even critics live otherwise and only have opinions to provide themselves with modest luxuries.) However that be, Patricia goes on with the somewhat original view "I see by them that romance is not truth". But this is satirical on her part; she evidently thinks that her romance is truth. A part of it obviously is true because it is about actual places: Long Island, Boston and the North Shore; the White Mountains and the rest of the Ideal Tour; Patricia herself is an attractive young person and her mastery of the English language is excellently conveyed. The daughter of an extravagant American, educated in a French convent and coming to America for the first time since childhood, she is peculiarly open to adventure. I will not cast doubt on the truth of any of these adventures, though some strain the imagination. For one thing, I do not think that three boys (even just graduated from Harvard) would be so devoted to a girl who is touring in a Grayles Gril car with the man she was engaged to, as to follow her from Boston to Great Barrington via Bretton Woods in an inferior car called the Hippopotamus. There may be some foundation, but on the surface it looks as unlikely as it is that Jack should have crossed "Whittier's beloved Merrimac" in going from Swampscott to Marblehead. Still it would be pedantic to try to tie the authors of this entertaining book down to absolute and bare facts. Imagination, romance, and tradition is what they like, and if they can find it in conscientious old New England, one should surely not do anything to discourage. Jack Winston has a fine romantic spirit: he is full of all the romantic associations of the places through which these confirmed motorists make their way. I do not know which of these able writers supplies the local color and which supplies the story, nor indeed is it obvious that the book is written in just that way. If it is, however, each has fairly surpassed the other. Not only do we have attractive and amusing accounts of summer in New England, as seen from the road, but we also have an amusing and interesting love story developed by means of the motor car tours. Neither of these things are impossibilities, but probably neither have been done much better than in the present book.

If the novel reader cares to go on with "Seeing America" this summer he will nat-

* THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR DISCOVERS AMERICA. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday Page & Co.
FATHER BERNARD'S PARISH. By Florence Olmstead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
THE ROAD TO MEXICO. By Florence Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
THE HOUSE OF WAR. By Marmaduke Pickthall. New York: Duffield & Co.

urally run across "Father Bernard's Parish." Anyone who has been reading about New England and its past and present will feel that he is getting into a totally different country in turning to this story of Irish and German, Italian and Pole in upper New York. Father Bernard's Parish includes Columbus Avenue about One Hundredth Street and the adjacent territory. Among his parishioners are Mrs. Halligan, who goes out to cook, her daughter Annie, designated for the convent, and her son Tom, expressman: Mrs. Zuckerman, in whose bakery and lunch room works Lena Schramin, a Polish girl, Oscar Hauser of the delicatessen store and Francisco Madeo, a gang-boss, as well as many others, from other nations still. Among these varied people the only person who suggests the America which the Lightning Conductor discovered is George Wagner, the drug-store clerk. He came from Hillsville, a little old town in Pennsylvania, "as quiet as a wheat field." There is all the difference in the world between these books. The difference between the noisy city and the charming open countryside, between the rich, or at least those who seem to have little occupation except that of amusing themselves, and the plain common every day people who do the work that makes the world go 'round. But there is no more striking difference than that between the America which they present and the America of the Hudson and the White Mountains, of Irving and Hawthorne and Whittier, and the American of the present era of the "Melting Pot."

But it is not at all the thing to treat Miss Olmstead's book merely as a sociological document. It is an excellent story both in its study and in its working out. It is a sign of reality in a book when the writer can accomplish his purpose by acts and incidents which though unexpected are pretty clearly the natural expression of the different people concerned. I must confess that I do not know just how an Italian gang-boss and a Polish waitress would act under given conditions and perhaps I know no more about an American drug-store clerk or an Irish expressman. But Miss Olmstead seems all right to me. Her characters and, of course, they are the chief element of the story, are drawn in a most lively and definite way, and though they do not always do just as one would expect, they do at least what seems natural. Father Bernard alone seems rather a romantic figure, but he is certainly all that such a father ought to be, and it is greatly to be hoped that he is a fine type of a great number.

People are very different about such books and about such phases of life. Some will merely feel repelled by such an uptown street in summer with its stream of delivery wagons, push-carts, trucks, automobiles, trolleys, elevated cars running forever between its boundaries of poor stores and little restaurants with their rows of flats above, and on every hand a heterogeneous and discordant nationality. They find much more charming the lovely old time villages and the beautiful mountain-side and sea-shore which the Lightning Conductor discovered and which he saw with a charm heightened by the associations of literature and history. Other people feel quite differently. It does not matter much how people feel: each book presents an America that exists, an America that we must take account of, an America that an American had better know.

One might query a little as to whether the same thing could be said of Miss Florence Irwin's "The Road to Mecca." Does that represent a real America? The book is one of not a few that have appeared in the last few years, which present the determined effort of an attractive woman to gain a place in the highest society. Ellie Brewster begins as an ordinary young woman in Allenbury, which might be almost any small town not very far from New York. She has ideas of rising in the world; the story tells how she succeeds. One will think of several books of late which have told much the same story, but the career of Ellie Brewster differs from that of the others in that they usually get on by their beauty, whereas she, though she has a pretty face, really gets on because she has a good head behind it.

Theoretically such a subject is even more American than the others of which we have been speaking. Quite as instructive at least as scenery and tradition on the one hand, or the different elements of the melting pot on the other, is the general possibility in America of passing from the plainest and simplest phases of life to the finest and highest. In Miss Irwin's book, however, we do not have exactly that change, we have instead something which has probably become more and more a popular ideal of late, namely a "social" rise. Miss Irwin does not affect to believe that such a change in social position is worth while; indeed it is very clear that she is certain that it is not. The book is called "The Road to Mecca" as though it looked to a holy and sacred end, but the prelude and after-piece show that such is not the aim and object of Ellie Brewster.

It may be that the social climber is an exceptionally American figure. It is certainly one which has literary possibilities and in the present enormous popularization of interest and acquaintance with the doings of "wealth and fashion," it may very well be that there are not a few girls nowadays who resolve to rise from being social nobodies to being at the top of the social ladder, just as in our youth we used to hear of the poor boy who was bound to be President. I rather doubt though if there are many striking cases. It seems to one rather more of a literary conventionality than an actual fact. As such, however, of course Miss Irwin has a right to it and does well with it. I fancy there are quite as many young girls from Allenbury who become leaders of wealth and fashion, as there are English tourists in America who know as much as Jac Winstrom did, or parish priests of such certain intuition and delicate tact as Father Bernard.

It is quite a change from these American books to Marmaduke Pickthall's "The House of War." Whoever read Mr. Pickthall's earlier book, "Veiled Women," will be sure to remember how rich it was in local color, in its knowledge of life in the East and its feeling for it. This as I recall it was the striking thing about the story of an Englishwoman who shocked all the traditions of her race by marrying the son of an Egyptian Pasha. This story is about another Englishwoman in the East who did something that is probably more extraordinary. Miss Elsie Wilding, a young Englishwoman, independent and of considerable fortune, has come to some Eastern city, in Palestine presumably, to visit two aunts who have for many years maintained a quasi-missionary school in memory of a sister. She is herself full of missionary zeal and after a short time at the aunts, she desires to go and settle in a native village that she may carry on some work, such as she had imagined. She does take a house in a native village and attempts work among the Muslim. The story is an account of her experience. Mr. Pickthall's sympathies are very clear: Miss Wilding he calls a "poor demented girl" and her missionary zeal is "childlike ardor in a foolish faith." His presentation bears out his language: a young woman must be demented who thought that Muslim villagers would be much influenced by preaching like the following: "Mahomet is not good, Mahomet cannot save you, Mahomet is a liar, he will do you harm, Mahomet is very bad. Isa is good, Isa loves you; Isa died for you. Come to Isa. Leave Mahomet," and so on interminably. I do not know whether she is more

demented than the friends who allowed a young woman with plenty of money to go and settle all by herself in a native village with no companion except a native girl. After it was all over the Consul said, "No child should ever be allowed to play near gunpowder. She must go back to England." But at the beginning no one made real objections, which certainly seems almost impossible.

I confess that gives rather a jar to my feeling for Mr. Pickthall's general reliability, but certainly there is much in his book that is interesting. The whole local situation, native Christians, native Muslim, governing Turk, is something worth knowing about, and his typical figures, Hasan Pasha, Sheykh Bakir, and Amin the murderer, all seem excellent. Of course, influence of America is presented as being most unpleasant: Percy, the son of the miserable old bible-reader, has lived in America where he has made money. He has also learned to speak a quaint dialect of the English language including such extremes as "The poison of that proud disdainful girl is in my veins" and "Sakes! . . . It's you that's the girl for me and not that yaller haired refrigerator. . . If ever I get quit of this here fix, I'll take you and ask you to be Mrs. Salaman Dixby."

But with all the disagreeable things that one thinks of (and there are not a few of them). Mr. Pickthall writes an interesting story of the East. When it is obviously in his mind to press a point he is (like anyone else) less interesting than when he simply exerts his considerable feeling for character and for humor and his real sentiment for local color. But if one will waive that there is a good deal else that one will certainly read with pleasure.

EDWARD HALE.

A new publication of Messrs. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., is entitled "Made in the Trenches." The book is edited by Sir Frederick Treves and George Goodehild and is composed entirely of contributions by men serving with the Colours. The contents are of a miscellaneous character including poems, short stories, articles, anecdotes, pen sketches, and in fact everything which can express life in the Sphere of War. As may be expected the humorous element predominates throughout. All of the profits from the sale of the book will be devoted to the Star and Garter Endowment Fund for Paralyzed Soldiers.

Nicholas L. Brown, Publisher, of Philadelphia, announces the second edition of "Such Is Life," by Frank Wedekind, author of "The Awakening of Spring." Second edition of "Motherlove," by August Strindberg, will be ready August 15th or earlier.

The New Books.

THE SPIRIT OF GERMANY.*

Professor Francke's small volume on "The German Spirit" should be read by every American who is willing to free himself of prejudice with regard to the spirit of Germany in the present war. Of the many authors presenting the side of Germany, Professor Francke alone has understood how to address the people of this country. When he analyses the German temperament in contrast with the American, he is at once authoritative and impartial—a German would be more likely to resent the comparison than would a citizen of the United States. But in applying the results of his investigation to the present war, Professor Francke requires some supplementing.

The book, though it consists of three separate articles, is a fairly consistent whole. The first two parts, "German Literature" and "The True Germany," appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly"; the third section, hitherto unpublished, is in reality latent in the other two. The presentation is remarkably clear, and the author's native enthusiasm is tempered by a fine spirit of cosmopolitanism, in particular by an appreciation of such virtues as are especially American. Professor Francke knows not only of whom he speaks but to whom he speaks.

The most valuable part of the volume is the first article, which was written before the war began. In this essay the author expounds, often with winning humor, the qualities of German character which tend to make German literature unattractive to Americans. The revelations are here of the greatest value because they were made with no knowledge of the purpose for which they would ultimately be used. Professor Francke had not imagined that by the time the article was printed Germany would have put herself radically in the wrong in the minds of nearly all Americans, even many of those who had known and loved Germany in the past.

This brings us face to face with the great problem. Is the Germany we have learned to admire and have sought to imitate,—the Germany of Goethe, Kant, and Beethoven,—is this the country we see and hear of to-day? And if the nation really is the same, how has this violent change of appearance come about? Professor Francke's book, supplemented by a few observations which it naturally suggests, explains both points.

* THE GERMAN SPIRIT. By Kuno Francke. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The German, we are told here, is by nature slow, prone to respect authority, distrustful of the *vox populi*, enamoured of the infinite, and easily inclined to lose himself and his judgment in some great passion. These qualities are cited to explain the difficulty an average American has in appreciating a literature which is often cumbersome, undemocratic, vague, and extravagant. To characterize the faults of German literature in English one needs an equivalent for the word *schwärmerisch*, which means at once wild, visionary, and fanatical. This explains "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" and the second part of "Faust." But does it not explain even better the attitude of the German people in the present struggle? Slow to act in a crisis, the common people found themselves at war before they had time to object or even to ask for an explanation. Deferential to authority and distrustful of themselves in the mass, they never dreamed of criticizing the way the war was begun or carried on. Emotional and idealistic, they proceeded to devote their all to the service of the Fatherland with a heroism unexampled in history; it did not occur to them to ask whether they were really defending the Fatherland by crushing a little country they were pledged to protect or by sinking a great passenger ship without warning.

Professor Francke's second article undertakes to prove that the guiding principles of the older Germany are dominant in the Germany now at war. Kant's belief that "man's dignity and freedom consist in the unconditional surrender to duty" was applied by Prussian statesmen to the relations of the citizen to the State. Goethe's "struggle toward perfection" was also given a national significance; and in the same category, Nietzsche's ideal of the superman was transferred by Treitschke and Bernhardt to the conception of the super-State. Schiller's faith in the power of art to uplift the soul and reconcile men to the facts of life has resulted in the modern idea of Kultur, which has of late been so thoroughly misunderstood. Professor Francke gives as a fine instance of this faith and its vitality the performance of Goethe's "Iphigenie" before the German soldiers at Namür. The soldier must indeed have felt that he was sent to war by a State "assiduously cultivating every higher tendency, every refining influence."

If these things are so,—and the greater a man's knowledge of Germany, the greater will be his conviction that they are so,—wherein lies the fallacy of Germany's present attitude?

We must here again supplement Professor Francke, for it is evident that some important change has taken place between the days of Weimar and those of Potsdam. Professor Francke himself supplies the key. What the older Germany lacked, he says, was self-assertion. We may now say: What has obscured the fine qualities of the older Germany is—self-assertion. Germany is not satisfied to say that her ideals of duty, of progress, and of culture are good, or even the best; she insists that they are the *only* ideals. With commendable skill and intelligence, the Germans adopt the work of foreign dramatists or scientists, but never think of crediting the conditions where such geniuses are produced. They edit Shakespeare and play Shakespeare until they think they own Shakespeare.

But behind this self-assertion lies a deeper matter,—the idolization of the State. This, leading to a narrow and aggressive nationalism, has produced much of the trouble. It is both false and dangerous to suppose that the State, to quote Professor Francke, is "a moral agency superior to society." On the contrary, the State should subserve the people, and should be at all times responsible to them. It is here that America and Germany are at opposite extremes, and may learn each from the other,—we a higher and more imperative responsibility of the individual to the government, Germany a higher and more imperative responsibility of the government to the individual.

Professor Dewey's recent article in "The Atlantic Monthly" gives the fairest analysis of Germany that has yet appeared. As he shows, Germany is suffering, not from materialism, but from misdirected idealism. Germany's ideal of nationalism is inspiring and ennobling, but it has at present two fatal defects: it goes too far and it does not go far enough. In the first place, it confers power without demanding an equivalent degree of responsibility; in the second place, its application should be enlarged. Everything that the German believes of nationalism would be true, if he did but scratch out the word and write instead "internationalism." His virtues were fruitful in individualism; they were still more so, Professor Francke feels, in nationalism. One further stage remains for this great people. Their increasing business and commerce were opening the way for it. A fearful setback has come, but those who truly know the German people will yet look with confidence beyond this terrible hour to the future of the land which has given the world a Luther, a Goethe, and a Wagner.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

PROPAGANDA IN THE THEATRE.*

In that larger consistency which is unafraid of evolution of judgment, it is sometimes necessary to rise in opposition to a foundling whose early years of struggle enlisted our earnest support. This freer consistency is probably the most exacting of all the masters of criticism, demanding not only an open mind for the apprehension of new and vital movements in literature and art but also a mind deaf to sentiment in order to prevent these new movements from usurping an unwon eminence. In its present state of flux, the theatre has imposed an unusually heavy burden upon the critic of its activities. Realism, naturalism, symbolism, mysticism have proved to be hard tests of catholicity of judgment. More unruly than any of these, however, has been the problem of propaganda in the theatre.

When Ibsen and Shaw, with Brandes and Archer as their heralds, blasted a way for propaganda on the modern stage, only a few, beside the sociologists who came to the theatre from selfish motives, were carried away by the delusion that at last the one vital function of the theatre had been discovered. The rest of the proponents of propaganda in the theatre fought for it sheerly as a protest against restriction, as a defense of free experiment. In the nature of the case, their brief was overstated, and their fight for recognition of the new function brought to it undeserved publicity and emphasis. Conservatism, too, made its inevitable mistake of opposing and thereby advertising and nourishing its new foe, enabling it to grow in less than a theatrical generation to such an estate that it required no defense. Today, the newcomer needs a check rather than a defense. And those who were advocates of a place for propaganda are forced, by the consistency of their larger view of the theatre, at least to define the limits of this particular function so as to keep it from overshadowing the more fundamental purpose of the theatre.

Even those of us who agree most willingly to Granville Barker's free and sweeping definition of a play as "anything that can be made effective upon the stage of a theatre by human agency," do not forget that the theatre in its highest form is one of the arts and that as one of the arts, the chief of the arts, it sinks all other aims and functions in the aim and function of beauty.

* WOMAN ON HER OWN, FALSE GODS, and THE RED ROSE. By Eugene Brieux. New York: Brentano's.

Writes Gordon Craig:

I cannot be expected to explain to you all that the artist means by the word beautiful; but to him it is something which has the most balance about it, the *justest* thing, that which rings a complete and perfect bell note. Not the pretty, not the smooth, not the superb always, and not always the rich, seldom the "effective" as we know it in the Theatre, although at times that, too, is the beautiful. But Beauty is so vast a thing, and contains nearly all other things — contains even ugliness, which sometimes ceases to be what is held as ugliness, and contains harsh things, but never *incomplete* things.

Bernard Shaw himself, although he is commonly looked on as the protagonist of propaganda on the English-speaking stage, recognizes the breadth of the theatre beyond the limits of a political and sociological forum. It is true that in the preface to "Man and Superman," while hitting back at the similarly narrow advocates of "art for art's sake," he writes: "When your academic copier of fossils declares that art should not be didactic, all the people who have nothing to teach and all the people who don't want to learn agree with him emphatically." And elsewhere he says that art without a social significance is worthless. After all, though, Bernard Shaw, the critic of art and music and the theatre, knows perfectly well that significance in art is all the more powerful if it is implicit instead of explicit. There can be no other import in these lines from "The Sanity of Art," that most self-revealing of all the Shavian essays:

The claim of art to our respect must stand or fall with the validity of its pretension to cultivate and refine our senses and faculties until seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, and tasting become highly conscious and critical acts with us, protesting vehemently against ugliness, noise, discordant speech, frowzy clothing, and re-breathed air, and taking keen interest and pleasure in beauty, in music, and in nature, besides making us insist, as necessary for comfort and decency, on clean, wholesome, handsome fabrics to wear, and utensils of fine material and elegant workmanship to handle. Further, art should refine our sense of character and conduct, of justice and sympathy, greatly heightening our self-knowledge, self-control, precision of action, and considerateness, and making us intolerant of baseness, cruelty, injustice, and intellectual superficiality or vulgarity. The worthy artist or craftsman is he who serves the physical and moral senses by feeding them with pictures, musical compositions, pleasant houses and gardens, good clothes and fine implements, poems, fictions, essays, and dramas which call the heightened senses and the ennobled faculties into pleasurable activity. The great artist is he who goes a step beyond the demand, and, by supplying works of a higher beauty and a higher interest than have yet been perceived, succeeds, after a brief struggle with its strangeness, in adding this fresh extension of sense to the heritage of the race.

The place of propaganda in the theatre — of bald, clear-eyed, conscious propaganda, unhoneyed by wit, uninspired by imagination,

depending on logic for its dramatic structure — is a minor one. But it is a place that will never and should never be surrendered — at least as long as there is a middle class of intellect that can be reached through the theatre more effectively than from the lecture platform or the street corner or the newspaper. This essentially middle class function of the propagandist theatre was never better illustrated than last winter when John Galsworthy's "Justice" found acclaim and reward from middle class audiences to whom the subject of prison reform was a new and burning topic. Those whose minds had been graduated from such a primer to more advanced subjects and who found in the play only its hint of Greek tragedy probably would not have sustained it a fortnight.

It is necessary to keep in mind, however, that the propagandist theatre can in no sense be considered an art form. Except for its use of the architectural features of the theatre and the structural and emotional mechanism of the drama, it is simply what it would be without these outward advantages: a dialectic akin to the debate, the text book, the lecture, or the sermon. I can conceive of a legitimate objection — such as Gordon Craig expresses — to any use of the terms "drama" and "theatre" for such plays and the edifice which houses them. It may be that the theatre can reach its estate as an art only by the use of hard and fast definitions and discriminations. I like to think of the theatre, though, as a vast social institution with many and diverse uses and functions, some of which may not yet have been discovered or developed, but an institution which reaches its full stature only as one of the arts. Constant care in criticism is the only safeguard against the insidious attempt on the part of the propagandist to be considered more important than he is. We must defend jealously the white flame of the art of the theatre, hedging it round so that imitators and mountebanks may not steal its rewards and use its name in vain.

The most unmistakable contribution to recent propagandist drama is the new volume of three plays by Eugene Brieux — simple, unadorned Brieux, as he signs himself, after the manner of Caesar and Rameses and Benrimo. This second instalment from the author of "Damaged Goods" is in much the same sociological vein as the volume through which he was introduced to the American public several years ago. "Woman On Her Own" ("La Femme Seule") makes about as dreary a muddle of the problem of woman in business as the average congressional report does of a strike at Paterson or

Leadville; "False Gods" ("La Foi") just misses imaginative importance by the playwright's inherent lack of imagination and his insistence on arguing a spiritual and mystical conception as if it were a question of damages for the loss of a leg; "The Red Robe" ("La Robe Rouge"), long one of the playwright's most praised works and now for the first time available in English translation, is revealed as a theatrical rather than a dramatic treatment of a murder case set forth to bait the unwary into a consideration of the errors and faults of the French judicial system.

It is manifestly unfair to be peevish because Monsieur Briex was born without an imagination. It is just as unfair to try to read into his plays subtleties and nuances and intentions that never existed in the playwright's mind. He has chosen three texts out of contemporary life: woman in business, religion, and the administration of justice; and on these texts he preaches three sermons or delivers three speeches just as frankly as if he were standing in the pulpit or on the rostrum. Propaganda they are and as propaganda they must be judged if they are to be judged honestly. But it is hard to smother the vision of what each play might have been, especially "False Gods," which just misses greatness, if it had been impelled by a whiter flame and the imagination of the artist.

"Woman On Her Own" is easily the least interesting, the least clear-cut and the least logical of all the plays. It is therefore by far the least successful of the three, because propaganda must be judged by its power to hold the attention, its clarity, and its logic. Those who know "Damaged Goods," especially those who saw it played, had to admit the gripping power of its logic. In "Woman On Her Own," Briex shows no such grasp of his subject. Either the problem of woman and labor is in an extremely primitive state in France and the play is a page out of past history for us, or else the playwright himself has not come to any definite impressions or conclusions on his subject. His story is simply that of a young girl, too independent to attach herself to bankrupt foster-parents, who flounders miserably in literary and industrial endeavors, refuses several kinds of marriage, even one of love, and takes the train back to Paris and a future on which the curtain is drawn. Briex's inference seems to be that Woman On Her Own is an inconceivable condition. Millions of Americans know that is not true. And war has brought to France and French women the same knowledge. Thirty years ago when the

woman problem was just emerging, such an aimless play might have been excusable, making up in the novelty of its subject matter what it lacked in interest and illumination. On the contrary, it is one of Monsieur Briex's latest compositions, although antedating the war.

"False Gods," on the other hand, is splendidly conscious of its purpose, coherent and dramatically relentless. Through a strangely exotic Egyptian atmosphere and through characters out of an ages-old civilisation, it hurls an insistent question at the religious hierarchy not only of that bygone time but of to-day. It is conscious, didactic dramatic propaganda at its best. In conception it is so fine a play, in fact, that it compels regret that poetic imagination has not carried it up to the heights of Dunsany or Maeterlinck. By just that shortcoming it yields even to a little one act play, "The Broken God," by Hortense Flexner, of Louisville, produced by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., last winter at the Little Theatre in Indianapolis, a strange bit of writing, with its setting on the planet of forgotten deities, propounding the agnostic question by subtle but vivid poetic suggestion.

Satni, returning from foreign lands to Egypt of the Middle Empire, dares question the power of Isis and the priests of the Nile religion. When the people see him violate sacred places and sacred names unscathed, many follow him as a new god or the interpreter of one, although he insists that he has no divine power. His hold on the people is so strong that the high priest tries to come to terms with him, offering to release Yaouma, Satni's betrothed, from the annual sacrifice to the Nile, if he will leave the crowd their gods. In a tense scene in the temple, the priest entrusts to Satni the mechanism for working the head of the stone idol in response to the annual prayers of the populace. Overcome at last by pity for their pleading faith in the miracle, Satni presses the lever. From that point to the end, "False Gods" is the tragedy of a broken ideal, the cynical tragedy of human weakness vs. human strength.

"The Red Robe," for which the Academy crowned Briex in 1909, is also propaganda of a high order. In it the playwright replaces the exotic atmosphere of "False Gods" and the logic of "Damaged Goods" with a framework of deftly contrived melodrama to hold the interest while he plies his propagandist protest against the French judicial system. The story, therefore, is negligible. The theme alone is important: the injustice of any connection between a judge's advancement and his success in winning convictions. The tech-

nicality of the entire play somewhat reduces its value as propaganda in this country where the range of its application is limited to the political maneuvers of state and circuit judges for reelection. Aside from that, it is little more significant than melodrama of the order of "Within the Law."

The English versions of the plays have been made by Mrs. Bernard Shaw, J. F. Fagan, and A. Bernard Miall and are idiomatic, although more British, of course, than American.

There is no escaping the feeling on completing the volume that even Brieux, who is not a poet and does not pretend to be one, might have written greater plays in all three cases if he had not been obsessed by the propagandist delusion. The spectacle of a craftsman working in inferior material is always disheartening, and that spectacle perhaps more than any other is to be found in the panorama of propaganda in the theatre. The Shaw I met and talked with in Adelphi Terrace is not the Shaw you picture from "Mrs. Warren's Profession" or "Major Barbara" or any of his plays, unless it be that phenomenal and always brutally smothered third act of "Man and Superman." The Shaw who expounded to me the glories of Chartres cathedral and of twelfth century Gothic is not the Shaw who has twisted himself into a preacher for the public gaze. And who can read Ibsen from first to last without bowing the head in sorrow when the master poet of "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" cramped his hand and his imagination to the prosaic task of the social dramas!

The artist is teacher, but the mere teacher is neither artist nor teacher in the finest sense.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?*

With all deference to the gentlemen who write our most efficient fiction and their view that there are no critics in America, it must be admitted that our age is somewhat given to analysis, to the examination of the scaffolding on which it rests, and to the conversion of said scaffolding into a scaffold for many a moribund tradition. "What is beer?" and "What is Shakespeare?" have a certain spectacular interest entirely wanting in "What is education?"; yet the latter mild inquiry has in it some high explosives which are likely to mark the first quarter of the

Twentieth Century as revolutionary. There have not been many epochal stages in the history of education in historic times. Plato represents the first great influence with his recognition that a society can be stably organized only when each individual is educated along the line for which nature best fits him. Rousseau gave momentum to individual development with his call back to "Nature"; society was corrupt and artificial; all good and right impulses were within, needing only to be released. "The emancipated individual was to become the organ and agent of a comprehensive and progressive society". Today the spiral, so well known in social evolution, is completing itself. Back from the individualism of Rousseau we are returning to a restatement of the social ideal of education asserted by Plato,—but with a difference. Plato's environment and in fact his ideal was a society of rigid class lines, essentially aristocratic; so his ideal for education was a hopeless one. To-day the growth of real democracy is gradually bringing its realization to fulfillment, and for two decades in America influences have been quietly at work making experiments in various model schools which are rudely threatening orthodox traditions. The greatest single factor in this revolution is an American teacher who has vitalized hundreds of disciples in his classes and is now reaching thousands through his books. He is of course none other than Professor John Dewey, whose recently published treatise, "Democracy and Education," summarizes in an admirably adequate form the results of his long study and teaching.

The book is not prepossessing in appearance. A dull brick-red octavo of four hundred pages labelled on the front "Text-book Series in Education" is not an inspiring sight. An admiring critic has before remarked that the Democracy of Dewey is apparent in the miscellaneity and uniform commonplaceness of the physical make-up of his books. However the author can well indulge a taste for ostentatious severity, securely aware that Samuel Butler to the contrary, "for purposes of mere reading one book is" not "as good as another."

Although "Democracy and Education" is conceived and written as a text-book in chapters of convenient length, ending in each case with a summary, it is not so easy to summarize the whole book. The author himself has in the chapter "Philosophy of Education" made an analysis of his discussion somewhat as follows: The first chapters, 1-7, deal with education as a social need and function, their purpose "to outline the general features of

* DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION: An Introduction to the Philosophy of Education. By John Dewey. New York: Macmillan Co.

education as the process by which social groups maintain their continuous existence." It was shown that the kind of society aiming at its perpetuation must be taken into consideration and the democratic criterion was adopted for the subsequent discussion. Chapters 8-17, inclusive, make up the second part. On the basis of the democratic criterion they develop the main principles of method and subject matter. The third part, chapters 18-23, examines the present limitations of the actual realization of the ideal, mainly springing from the "notion that experience consists of a variety of segregated domains or interests, each having its own independent value, material and method, each checking every other." The last three chapters define Philosophy of Education and review theories of knowledge and morals.

The third and the last parts, the momentum of the previous chapters behind them, are naturally of most interest. Dewey here attacks the various dualisms that have been set up with vicious results: "labor and leisure," "intellectual and practical," "cultural and vocational," "physical and social," "The individual and the world," "duty and interest." Dualism, if we interpret Professor Dewey correctly, is the devil. (It is unquestionably true that the capital *D* is a product of metaphysical dualism.) The first pair, labor and leisure, evoke the following: "If democracy has a moral and ideal meaning, it is that a social return be demanded from all and that opportunity for development of distinctive capacities be afforded all." "The problem of education in a democratic society is to do away with the dualism and to construct a course of studies which makes thought a guide of free practice for all and which makes leisure a reward of accepting responsibility for service, rather than a state of exemption from it." From this it would appear that Professor Dewey reads into democracy, not more than the spirit implies certainly, but more than the dictionary allows. Such a society is not merely democratic; it is socialistic.

So the dualism involving culture. "What is called inner is simply that which does not connect with others—which is not capable of free and full communication. What is termed spiritual culture has usually been futile, with something rotten about it, because it has been conceived as a thing which a man might have internally—and therefore exclusively." "As a matter of fact any subject is cultural in the degree in which it is apprehended in its widest possible range of meanings."

But what is education? It is surely time for that question to find an answer. On page 89 is Dewey's definition illustrative of his fine technical skill in framing proper bounds of ideas: "It is that reconstruction or reorganization of experience which adds to the meaning of experience, and which increases ability to direct the course of subsequent experience." How far this is from mere knowledge or mere training or mere skill will be apparent on a moment's reflection. Consider the lecture plan of instruction borrowed from the university and now even operated on the college freshmen, in the light of this view of education.

The pupils are deliberately held to rehearsing material in the exact form in which the older person conceives it. . . . Teaching them ceases to be an educative process for the teacher. At most he simply learns to improve his existing technique. . . . Hence both teaching and learning tend to become conventional and mechanical with all the nervous strain on both sides therein implied.

Such instruction handed out to the immature student curseth him that gives and him that takes.

The power of framing clear, purposeful, meaningful definitions is with little doubt the most striking feature of Dewey's style. Note a few. "When fairly remote results of a definite character are foreseen and enlist persistent effort for their accomplishment, play passes into work." "Work which remains permeated with the play attitude is art—in quality if not in conventional design." "Philosophy is thinking what the known demands of us—what responsive attitude it exacts." (Of the several hundred definitions, so-called, of philosophy which have come under examination this will be found nearly if not quite the most satisfactory.) "We call it end when it marks off the future direction of the activity in which we are engaged; means when it marks off the present direction."

A pleasant trait of style is the felicitous use of common idiom to give life to rather stiff thinking. "There is no such thing as over-intellectuality, but there is such a thing as a one-sided intellectuality. A person 'takes it out' as we say in considering the consequences of proposed lines of action." Again, "The terms 'mental realization' and 'appreciation' are more elaborate names for the realizing sense of a thing. It is not possible to define these ideas except by synonyms, like 'coming home to one,' 'really taking it in,' etc." Probably no writer on philosophical subjects ever reached the public without a degree of this quality, but not even the late Professor James was able to resort to this method of "speaking with the vulgar" when

occasion demanded with less imputation of sophistry. On the other hand it must be admitted that when the author departs from the realm of definition his care for the niceties of English suggests his great contemporary only in its differences.

As a philosophical discussion one point at least is handled unsatisfactorily. Wherever the question of knowledge or truth is involved, the veritable heel of Achilles for Pragmatism, there is a disconcerting confusion found nowhere else in this admirable book. On page 345 we read, "What is taken for knowledge—for fact and truth may not be such. But everything which is assumed without question, which is taken for granted in our intercourse with one another and nature is what, at the given time, is *called* knowledge." (Author's italics.) There is vacillation in the first sentence; it does not hold with Dewey's view expressed elsewhere, that the truth is whatever "works". Certainly it is hard to join it even by a "but" to the second sentence. Then on page 393 we read, "The development of the experimental method as the method of getting knowledge and of making sure it is knowledge, and not mere opinion . . .," and we feel sure that Professor Dewey, like the rest of us, believes that there is a certain objectivity to knowledge, that there is a difference between assumptions that are true and assumptions that are false, even though they may for a time *work*.

This is too big a book to be epitomized; it is a book for study, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the purposes of "recitation" to which colleges and normal schools will put it may not altogether prevent its serious reading even by the prospective teachers in those schools. This is a period of reconstruction (a word Dewey loves) and Dewey is its prophet. He has already been termed one of the "Major Prophets of Today"; it seems hardly too much to conceive that the Twenty-first Century will study three great stages in educational theory, Plato, Rousseau, and Dewey.

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

The H. W. Wilson Company announce a volume of interest not only to the general reader, but to librarians in particular, a volume entitled "Libraries: Addresses and Essays," by John Cotton Dana, the well-known head of the Newark (N. J.) Free Public Library.

Harper and Brothers announce for early autumn publication a new novel by Margaret Deland, the first long novel since her writing of "The Iron Woman."

NEW TRANSLATIONS OF SLAVIC FICTION.*

The war has as yet accomplished nothing more important for art than the stimulation of Anglo-Saxon interest in Slavic literature. The new series of novels and short stories being issued by Mr. Alfred Knopf in New York, besides other single volumes from various English and American publishers, are all significant of an influence on our own writing that cannot be unfruitful. Some of the books are by authors already partly known in this country,—Gogol, Tchekhov, Andreyev; others are by men totally unfamiliar in English,—Lermontov, Goncharov, Dantchenko; but all are worth looking into as expressions of a genius none too well known here, though not all are of equal human value or of equally wide appeal.

Most remarkable of the recent translations are the two volumes by Goncharov, an artist almost of the same stature as the great trio, Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky, who are so much better known to us. "Oblomov," which Kropotkin calls "one of the profoundest productions of the last century," is such a classic in Russia that its title has taken on a kind of proverbial significance, the hero's name having become a symbol of the national temperament. The book is merely the biography of this hero, given in pictures and descriptions of mood rather than in narrative of violent action. From the opening chapter with its unforgettable odor of a stuffy room and an uncared-for house, through the retrospective visions of Oblomov's childhood home, the sunny, sleepy, tumble-down great estate of his parents in a remote province, to the final sight of him as the supine pet of his landlady,—the protagonist is never once really upright on his feet, not even in his brief passion for Olga, another of the large-souled women who move through Russian literature, the finest of their kind. One recalls "Virgin Soil," where Turgenev presents in his central figures the same contrast between the man and the woman, but he fills out his theme more abundantly, coloring it with action of a more externalized sort and with minor personages of independent inter-

* OBLMOV. By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth. Macmillan.

THE PRECIPICE. By Ivan Goncharov. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE LITTLE ANGEL, and Other Stories. Translated from the Russian of L. N. Andreyev. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE SIGNAL, and Other Stories. Translated from the Russian of W. M. Garshin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

RUSSIAN SILHOUETTES. More Stories of Russian Life. Translated from the Russian of Anton Tchekhov by Marian Fell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BET, and Other Tales. Translated from the Russian of Anton Tchekhov by S. Kotliarsky and J. M. Murray. New York: John W. Luce & Co.

est. Goncharov absolutely subordinates detail to the communication of the hero's semi-paralyzed mood and its reflections in his surroundings and upon his few, his very few, associates.

"Oblomov" therefore has a surprising unity of tone; it stays in the memory like a well-composed landscape rather than as a human drama. "The Precipice," on the contrary, tense with the emotion of at least four principal characters and rapidly moving with an almost melodramatic plot, is a much more usual kind of novel. It is not like the other book a *tour de force*, giving the impression of being written from within the hero's mind; it presents a complicated series of relations carefully analyzed from without and once or twice linked by a somewhat desperate wrestling of probability in motives. Yet improbability is troublesome only in the case of Mark, so conventional a type of unconventional morality as to be readily labelled the villain of the tale; the two heroines, old and young, are equally interesting and convincing; the sensitive would-be artist, Raïsky, from whose point of view the story is consistently told, is individualized with great success. The book throbs with life and feeling and is as gloriously innocent of thesis as of scientific intention. Compared to Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, its author seems quite uninterested in practical judgments; like Turgenev he is fascinated simply by the process of analysis and presentation, not moved to it by reforming zeal.

On the whole all these Russians are as objective as Balzac or Maupassant. Perhaps at heart they feel that revolt against the complex forces of life is futile; such is the conclusion of a humble philosopher in Garshin's story, "The Signal," even though he refuses to stop at ultimate nihilism because he protests that "to put everything on God and sit and suffer means, Brother, being not a man but an animal." This determination to study and to understand both conditions and causes does not lead to much assumption of individual responsibility toward society or even of individual freedom, but it gives depth and richness to the art that expresses it.

It finds—this scientific passion for analysis—a terrible reflection in the short stories of Garshin,—fearful studies of physical and mental torture created by a mind so sensitive that it became unhinged by the difficulties of adjustment to life. "Four Days," the autobiographical reminiscences of a wounded soldier who lay that time untended among the dead after a great battle, is too nakedly frightful to be read at all in the sinister light thrown on it by our daily dispatches

from Europe. Other tales hold an even more haunting weight of spiritual misery,—the courtesan's story of her life, "Nadjeja Nicolaïvena," for instance, which reminds the reader of Tchekhov's ironic study, "The Fit," in the volume called "The Bet, and Other Tales."

Tchekhov, however, would by average readers be considered less terrible than Garshin, simply because he is more various and more subtle, sometimes more suggestively profound. His short stories in the two volumes, "The Bet" and "Russian Silhouettes," and the tales by Andreyev collected under the title of "The Little Angel and Other Stories," are the most delightful of recent translations from the Russian. National traits and customs are revealed incidentally, but with remarkable penetration; comedy and tragedy, and every shade of mood between, vitalize all three volumes. Andreyev's touching story in which a poor boy's one treasure, a little waxen angel, slowly melts upon the stove while the lad sleeps, is offset by a merry jest of one of Tchekhov's college youths, transported by delight at seeing his name in the newspaper for the first time, although it is there because he was hurt in a drunken escapade.

Garshin, Tchekhov, and Andreyev share the enthusiastic love of life, even at its most dreadful, that gives such beauty to Turgenev's work and that is the saving grace in the art of these realists who are also poets, as distinguished from realists unilluminated by the sun and over-impressed by their individual weight of duty as prophets. The secret of such depth of vision seems to lie in an emotional endowment much richer than our climate and institutions have yet developed,—a temperament not to be imitated, however much to be studied and admired.

WINIFRED SMITH.

ESSAYS ON ART.*

As a critic of the arts, Arthur Symons is primarily interested in the personality of the artist—a unique blend of traits, as he views it, driven by an inner force to self-expression, and, through the leading of this inner force, finding an appropriate vehicle for self-expression. As a result, the criticism of Mr. Symons is mainly interpretation—so far as possible in the artist's own words; in this lies

* STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS. Revised Edition. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
ESTIMATES IN ART. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

his distinction. Insofar as his criticism is judgment, on the other hand, it is all too often wilful, opinionated, impressionistic. A man with unusually wide background, especially in the arts (as the title of the present volume suggests), he writes with charm and subtlety, sometimes with elevation, but rarely with weight or penetration. His control over his background, one might say, is emotional rather than intellectual. His style, of course, corresponds with these characteristics—it is deft, nimble, accomplished, skilfully colored, equally capable of sustained flow and epigrammatic neatness. Thus, Watts sees "as if with tradition in his eyesight"; the music of Strauss consists of "many voices crying out of all the corners of the orchestra, and seeming to strive after an articulate speech with the anguish of dumb things tortured" (who has put more of Strauss into a few words?); the pictures of Degas, again, "are miraculous pieces of drawing, which every artist must admire, as he would admire a drawing by Leonardo; but there they end, where the Leonardo drawing does but begin."

Mr. Symons's themes in this volume are in the main of the nineteenth century: "The Painting of the Nineteenth Century" (a review of MacColl), "Watts," "The Ideas of Richard Wagner," etc. The chapters dealing with music represent the most painstaking study as well as the keenest pleasure. Before writing on "The Ideas of Richard Wagner," Mr. Symons clearly did some ponderous, if not always enlightening, reading. "The Problem of Richard Strauss," whom he holds literary rather than musical, is perhaps the most thoughtful of the essays on composers. At times, in these essays, Mr. Symons is by no means at the center. Accepting Pater's romantic dogma, "All art constantly aspires toward the condition of music," he tells us that "Music comes speaking the highest wisdom in a language which our reason does not understand, because it is older and deeper and closer to us than our reason"—in which the three adjectives surely need careful scrutiny. "Why is it," he asks elsewhere, somewhat surprisingly, "that music is not limited in regard to length, as a poem is, a lyrical poem, to which music is most akin? Is it not because the ecstasy of music can be maintained indefinitely and at its highest pitch, while the ecstasy of verse is shortened by what is definite in words?" And this of Purcell is surely delicious: Germany, he says, "has done nothing supreme except in music, and in music nothing supreme has been done outside Germany since the music of Purcell in England." On the other hand,

despite his predilection for the Superman in Wagner's genius, he apparently has a more whole-souled enjoyment of Beethoven; and the following, on the Pastoral Symphony, manifests not a little hard sense as well as sympathy:

In the whole of the Pastoral Symphony one certainly gets an atmosphere which is the musical equivalent of skies and air and country idleness and the delight of sunlight, not because a bird cries here and there, and a storm mutters obviously among the double basses, but because a feeling, constantly at the roots of his being, and present in some form in almost all his music, came for once to be concentrated a little deliberately, as if in a dedication, by way of gratitude. All through there is humor, and the realism is a form of it, the bird's notes on the instruments, the thunder and wind and the flowing of water, as certainly as the village band. Here, as everywhere, it was, as he said, "Expression of feeling rather than painting" that he aimed at; and it would be curious if these humorous asides, done with childish good-humor, should have helped to lead the way to much serious modern music, in which natural sounds, and all the accidents of actual noise, have been solemnly and conscientiously imitated for their own sakes.

A more balanced equipment of critical faculties, expressed in a style that is thoroughly serviceable rather than eminent, is everywhere manifested in the "Estimates of Art" by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Art here means painting, and the painting ranges from Botticelli to Color-Prints of Japan. Professor Mather, like Mr. Symons, has a wide background of knowledge in the arts, especially, in his case, in painting; and this background is utilized, not only by flitting emotion that senses analogy and illustration and touchstones, but also by a mind that moves with ease and firmness in an endeavor to make distinctions and estimate values. He has a deep interest in personality, exemplified most readily by the pointed biographical sketches, in the French manner, that occur in most of the essays. He has also an instinct for the critical task proper, the denotation of what is excellent and of what is inferior, and the relation of the artist with tradition. A brilliant example of this poised criticism is "The Painting of Sorolla." Admitting with pleasure the man's extraordinary gusto, Mr. Mather deplores his coarseness,—his lack of "refinement of workmanship," his indulgence in "big sketches" rather than finished paintings. Sorolla "has the genial, roving vision of every man"; "he sees much as the kodak or picnicking mankind see, and that is surely the ground of his enormous popularity." An extraordinary vogue Sorolla certainly had, and in some quarters still has. The freshness of his color, the novelty of his drawing and choice of subject, held the public enthralled;

and no one who has seen his pictures can forget them. Yet it is true that, except for one's love of color as color (a worthy instinct in all of us, according to Ruskin), one does not go back to Sorolla with satisfaction — his painting does not yield the serene contentment of authentic "high art." It is not only that he lacks the reflective element, but also, as Mr. Mather makes very clear, that his pictures are the result of rambling improvisation, rather than exquisite insight.

Two of Mr. Mather's "Estimates" stand out, not so much as the disinterested judgment of a well-informed critic, as the warm, though guarded, enthusiasm of a fellow-craftsman,—those on Watts and La Farge. Watts brings back to him, if anything, "too vividly," "that winter of the New York exhibition of 1884, when, as a lad, I first caught the truth that great painting may arouse and calm one as great poetry does or noble music." He proceeds to analyze the motives and passions of this typically Victorian painter with a solidarity of statement that leaves Mr. Symons's essay on the same theme far behind; his conclusion being that "in the resolute attack upon the fundamental problems of form and color, and in a solution personal, meaningful, and instinct with a peculiar solemn beauty, Watts may surely be ranked with the very few great technicians of his century." Of La Farge, Professor Mather is, of course, a hearty admirer—La Farge, "the most learned painter of our times," who "restored to dignity among us the art of mural decoration," and "invented a new and beautiful technic for stained glass," not to mention vaguer but equally signal distinctions. In industrial America of the nineteenth century, he displayed the versatility and ardor of the Renaissance artist: of which a striking illustration is his renewal of the tradition of the Renaissance workshop. The following passage is instructive, in a day when painting, flying off at a tangent, is fast melting into the inane:

From 1876 (when he organized that gallant emergency squad which under cruel conditions of time and convenience decorated Trinity Church, Boston) Mr. La Farge always had about him a corps of assistants, ranging from intelligent artisans to accomplished artists. Upon all of them he impressed his will so completely that even their invention cast itself in his forms. One who was long his chief assistant told me that there were scores of drawings and sketches about the studio which might be his or the master's—he honestly could not tell. A well-known art critic pleaded that the cartoon of the "Confucius" (every stroke of which was executed by this assistant) should be preserved in a museum as an imperishable memorial of La Farge's handiwork. His workshop dealt impartially with designs for glass or wall, accepting also humble decorative jobs, and

drawing in on occasion wood-carvers and inlayers, sculptors, and even the casual visitor.

And here I am reminded of a club discussion concerning sculpture by proxy, the subletting of contracts, the employment of students' sketches, etc. Mr. La Farge diverted an argument that was becoming too emphatic by the following anecdote:

"The other day," he said, "I was painting on the garden of the 'Confucius' while my chief assistant was working on one of the heads. In came V. I., and I set him at a bit of drapery. Time was valuable, you see. L. looked in, and I set him at a bit of foreground foliage. I saw that the dead coloring of the sky needed deepening. At that moment my secretary, Miss B., entered with a letter. I gave her a broad brush, showed her how to charge it and sweep it with a mechanical stroke, and against her protest she, too, was enlisted."

With that ineffable restrained smile of his he turned to me and asked: "Now, whose picture was that?"

And I was lucky enough to blunder out: "It was a fine La Farge."

NORMAN FOERSTER.

A BRILLIANT ECONOMIC STUDY.*

There appeared in 1902 a book in two volumes called "The Bourgeois." The author was Werner Sombart, one of the newer lights in the firmament of economic scholarship in Germany, and a star of a very different order from the customary luminaries in the dark reaches of that intellectual barren. Sombart, although a professor and loaded with information, neither thinks nor writes like one. His touch is light, his style incisive, and he has ideas. That his ideas are often fanciful and far-fetched, even from the regions of that conceited absurdity and puffiness of German social feeling and judgment of which H. S. Chamberlain is the Pooh-bah, is irrelevant. They turn the "dismal science" into a joyous adventure, and transmute statistics into a vision of life. Mr. Epstein, in his translation, has not only succeeded in transmitting many of these qualities of the original; he has added something of his own, a quality of staccato rhythm, an intense shrillness. At the hands of no man has economics become so like romance in feeling, as it has ever been in content.

In order to understand the capitalistic temperament, the Bourgeois as a social type, Sombart points out, it is first necessary to define its nature and to trace its development, then to apprehend its causes. Its nature is the sum and substance of the mental states that accompany and express the economic enterprise of the modern world. It

* THE QUINTESENCE OF CAPITALISM. A Study of the History and Psychology of the Modern Business Man. By Werner Sombart. Translated and edited by M. Epstein, M.A., Ph.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

defines itself distinctively in contrast with the "precapitalistic man." The latter is the "natural man." He has no interest in money, no concern in calculation. When he did work, he lived in his work as an artist, making for the joy of making, not to sell. But he didn't care much about work. He was a greater holiday maker. Such wants as he had were standardized for him by the economy of his social class, and if he refused to pass below that, he neither sought to rise above it. Not so with the Bourgeois. Above all, he is gold-greedy. He wants money, and his life is at its foundations the pursuit of money. Commerce, treasure-seeking, usury, the occupation of public office, alchemy, were among the methods used to get it. Sombart classifies all the methods broadly as acquisition by force, by magic, by financial speculation, and by invention. All of these involved undertaking of some sort; the execution of a plan of exploitation involving the coöperation of many people. European history is particularly marked, however, by four distinct forms of it: the martial, the landholding, as the manorial system, the state, and the church.

The attitude of mind which these express—"the spirit of enterprise and the desire for gain"—involves furthermore the "middle-class virtues." They are recorded for the first time in 1450 by Alberti in his "Del Governo degli Famiglia." They are the virtues of industry, frugality, and honesty, the very ones stressed by Defoe and by Franklin, to say nothing of Rockefeller and other worthy captains of industry. The old bourgeois differed however in one fundamental respect from the modern business man: he regarded the purpose of production to be the satisfaction of wants; the modern business man considers it to be the making of money. Primarily he wishes to see his business thrive, but as it cannot thrive without a surplus, his acquisitiveness is forced upon him. In other respects he has the same interests and wishes as a child; he is enamored of physical bigness; is always on the move seeking to break records, always in pursuit of novelty, and always fond of the sense of power over inferiors.

So the capitalistic spirit has been characterized, and its development traced. What are its causes? Sombart finds four: the biological, the moral, the ethico-religious, and the social. His discussion of the biological causes is the most fanciful, and his discussion of the religio-ethical the most strained. Both are permeated by the spirit of the absurd mythology of Chamberlain and both are as stimulating as they are amusing. Biologically

men may be classified, Sombart thinks, as spenders and savers; open men and closed men. On the same basis he might say human beings might be classified as males and females, the former being spenders, the latter savers. As individuals are so classified so may races be; consequently some races, like the Romans, Normans, Jews, and Scotch are capitalistic, others like the Celts and Goths are not. If they become so, it is because of the infiltration of alien capitalistic blood, or the domination of the "saving" portion of the population. Analogously it might be argued that the matriarchate was a capitalistic society and that the enfranchisement of women must mean the perpetuation of capitalism. The whole region is dark and unmapped, and speculation here is determined by the will-to-believe rather than by experience.

Sombart is something of a socialist. Concerning the future of capitalism he believes with Karl Marx that it must break down of its own weight. The spontaneous disintegration of the economic system is, he thinks, reinforced by the growth of bureaucracy and the decline of birthrate.

Whatever one may think of the outcome of the book, its learning, its brilliancy, and persuasiveness are unique in this field, and even more unique is that detachment from so present and all-embracing an economic system which renders possible to see and to judge it as a whole.

H. M. KALLEN.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

An estimate of genius. Professor Edwin Leavitt Clarke, in "American Men of Letters; Their Nature and Nurture" (Columbia University, Longman's, Green, & Co.), makes a commendable attempt to evaluate some of the factors that have influenced the mental development of the thousand most eminent literati born in the United States and Canada between the years 1639 and 1850. The writer draws his inferences from a large mass of data with a reserve that is not always noticeable in studies of this kind. He is lead to believe that while nature, in the form of heredity, plays a far greater rôle than he had at first imagined, it nevertheless counts for little in the absence of favorable environmental conditions. "It happens that there have been three especially important factors in the development of American men of letters, a good heredity, furnishing stock capable of being developed, an education adequate to develop latent ability, and a social environment furnishing incentive to the naturally endowed and amply educated to turn their attention to literature." Not the least valuable part of the work is

an appendix covering fifty-four pages and containing an epitome of biography for American Letters.

A study in genetics.

Very interesting and instructive is a little book by Raymond Pearl entitled "Modes of Research in Genetics" (Macmillan). Compiled largely from earlier papers and lectures, it is somewhat lacking in unity and balance but it does contain some very lucid discussions of the possibilities and limitations of the current methods of attacking problems in heredity. For the special student in this field it will prove a helpful and inspiring critique and for the general reader it offers an insight into the methodology of an important branch of science.

A bit of refreshing fiction.

The writer of popular fiction is generally too inclined to court success by appeal to what may be called our "gilded" sensibilities, giving us highly colored tales of "society," in which the easy superlatives of "paper" emotion are the dominating factor. It is therefore a pleasure to find in Anne Shannon Monroe's "Happy Valley" (McClurg) an atmosphere of actual human experience. This is the record of a young man who goes west, though not to the west of the "movies," where he gives battle, not only with the forces of nature, but with the inherited force of intemperance. The story is so simply and vividly told that it becomes one of personal interest to the reader, who cannot fail to enter into the life of the little pioneer settlement with as keen an interest as if the settlers were his own friends. The spirit of the book is one of fine exhilaration bred by arduous labor, by love of wide horizons, and the indomitable will of man's finest instincts. It is certain to please those readers who seek entertainment, rather than literature, in their lighter reading.

A new book on the Shakespearean theatre.

Both in England and in America complaint has been made of late against the excessive concern of present-day scholarship with sixteenth century drama. There is perhaps good ground for the remonstrance; but readers of Professor Thorndike's elaborate review — "Shakespeare's Theatre" (Macmillan) — of theatrical conditions in Shakespeare's time are likely to be considerably surprised by the evidence of the very great advance in knowledge of this subject achieved since the year 1900. The new documents discovered within the past dozen years by men like Professors Wallace, Feuillerat, and Moore Smith; the admirable editorial methods of the supporters of the Malone Society and kindred academies; and the multiplication of dramatic monographs by Chambers, Murray, Feuillerat, and many others, have made it possible for Professor Thorndike, working in the new light, to produce the first book on Shakespeare's stage which combines definiteness of statement with demonstrable accuracy. A book on this subject is of course particularly seasonable in Shakespeare's tercentenary year, and it comes with equal fitness

from Columbia University, which under the influence of Professor Thorndike and Professor Brander Matthews has especially signalized itself by researches of this nature. Certain parts of the volume, as the author is careful to note, amount to revised summaries of well known Columbia dissertations produced under the writer's direction, but there is no slighting of the work of foreign students and no lack of independent judgment, though Professor Thorndike wisely attempts to restrict himself in general to the statement of facts already pretty definitely established. As a whole the book well attains the aim announced in the preface of effecting "an amicable approximation toward agreement in essentials" regarding the Shakespearean theatre, and it should be welcomed as the most readable and authoritative compendium of Elizabethan stagecraft yet extant. The chapters on the leading companies in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. respectively are particularly convenient for reference, while the more general discussions of "The Playhouses," "The Dramatists," "Actors and Acting," and "The Audience" should win the interest of a wider public. The well-chosen illustrations add to the volume's beauty of style and format.

The Wirt system.

The proof that there is something of original and positive value about the Wirt system of education at Gary, Indiana, is that it raises up so many enthusiastic friends, some, though not many, bitter enemies, and so few calm critics. Most investigators, casual and thorough, seem in their reports under an obsession that the Royal Road to Education has at last been discovered. A negligible number find, it is true, a strong Mephistophelian odor in the vocational emphasis; but none of the reports that have come under the writer's notice has maintained the note of enthusiasm and at the same time succeeded in pointing out the shallows. "The Gary Schools" by Randolph S. Bourne (Houghton Mifflin) is no exception. This book is by all odds the most complete study yet published by an investigator aiming at interpretation and evaluation. Its clear analysis, admirable arrangement of material and adequate style (although he does say, "every kind of a child") are altogether up to what we have learned to expect of the young author. This study is probably the most important one made so far, and worthy to stand with the chapter in Professor Dewey's "Schools of To-morrow" with which it articulates well, as a consistent exposition of the theory of education which Dewey there outlines. Now what is the danger which this critic as well as others fails to chart properly? On page 26 we read: "The Wirt school contemplates bringing all the cultural resources of the community to bear on the school. It makes the school the proper and natural depository for whatever the community has to offer in artistic interest or intellectual resource"; on page 139: "[There are strictly speaking, no 'extra-curricular activities' in the Gary schools. The curriculum deliberately pro-

vides for all wholesome activities, and the student interests grow out of it"; on page 108: ". . . it is hoped to be able to send students from the local schools at the age of eighteen so prepared that they may complete the ordinary college course in two years." Is there not something naive in the simple trust that a young man of sixteen will find much stimulus in continuing to go for daily recitation two years longer to a building he has been infesting since he was six (perhaps four), where all his activities are planned by the providential superintendent, and from which he will be sent at eighteen, a lamb to the slaughter, to consort with college juniors? A very fine system it is for children, but it is surely a rash friend that claims for it advantages equal to or compensating for the mental stimulus that a student of freshman age requires. Moreover, when the school furnishes every intellectual and artistic interest even up to the age of sixteen, it is likely to produce something deadlly dull and machine-like. There is a valuable appendix containing tables showing distribution of expenditures in the Gary schools, and reports made by Superintendent Wirt on the reorganization of the New York schools upon his theories, a project which is now successfully under way.

A sane plea for preparedness.

The problem of preparedness has been brought home to Americans in a new and forcible manner during the past two months. With our friends literally torn from our midst, at untold sacrifice of professional and business interests, we are forced to wonder what the situation might have been had the Mexican crisis culminated in war. The problem of national preparedness is not a sectional nor a class problem, but one confronting every man or woman who lays claim to American citizenship. Nowhere have we found a more sane and dispassionate plea for preparedness than in General Leonard Wood's book "Our Military History: Its Facts and Fallacies." (Reilly & Britton.) In discussing our present scheme of defense under the present volunteer system, he says: "We have no right to employ the services of loyal and willing men under a system which ensures the maximum loss of life and the minimum of success,—a system which has been condemned by military experts the world over, including our own." Continuing, he makes a survey of our military history since the War of the Revolution, writing with that scientific clarity and disinterestedness which characterizes the true military critic. It is nothing less than a duty which every honest citizen owes to his country to become familiar with that history, with its terrible blunders, its sacrifice of brave life, resulting from lack of military efficiency. In closing, General Wood says: "Every good American honors the real volunteer spirit, but it is difficult to understand how any man who is familiar with our country's history can advocate the continuance of the volunteer system, with its uncertainties, unpreparedness, and lack of equality of service. The lack of training, the cost, the confusion—all have served to demonstrate the danger of the procedure; the danger to us has been greatly increased

by the force of modern organization and the rapidity with which armies can be transported over land and sea to deliver attacks on foes." One of the most interesting points which the author makes in favor of universal military service, and which will be borne out by every one who has served either in the National Guard or in the military training camps at Plattsburg, is that: "the training which men get in the army, the knowledge of sanitation, the respect for law and authority, and the habits of discipline, are of inestimable value in building up a sane and sound people." The volume also contains an appendix describing the Australian and Swiss systems of defense.

An American girl in the African jungle.

In Kamerun, just now notable for other than missionary activities, and in the French Congo, Miss Jean Kenyon Mackenzie spent nine years of usefulness as a mission worker, and she relates her experiences in "Black Sheep" (Houghton), a series of familiar letters to her father. These letters, already partly known to readers of the "Atlantic" and "Woman's Work," have the naturalness, the brightness, the frequent touch of feminine wit and playful humor, that made so readable "The Letters of a Woman Homesteader," by a writer of similar powers of observation and description. From July, 1904, to October, 1913, Miss Mackenzie was engaged as a member of the West Africa Mission in ministering to the heathen of the Dark Continent, and her book records something of "the amazing development of this happy epoch." In one of her letters she says: "I don't see how I can make you feel the thrilling quality of the work here. We of the Kamerun interior are in a kind of golden age, a blossoming season, the time of all others for spectacular effect and for exhibit. . . . From the standpoint of a visitor this is the time for a visit, for we are still by way of being an adventure, still primitive, still romantic." The names by which this young shepherdess was called by her "black sheep" are sometimes amusing. Forbidden to call her "Mamma," the common form of address in such cases, they contented themselves as best they could with substitutes like "Matchenzie," "Tehensie," and "Mr. Matchenzie." In an early letter the writer describes the strange beauty of the Kamerun people, "a beauty of body and of posture, of color and of draping. A thousand things would remind you of the art of the Renaissance. The way they dress their heads is so often like Botticelli." These and other characteristics of the people and the country are illustrated in the numerous reproductions of photographs taken by Miss Mackenzie's fellow missionaries.

A beautiful adaptation of prose.

"Ephemera: Greek Prose Poems" (Nicholas L. Brown), Mithel S. Buck, is a book for a Sybarite, a book of exquisite pictures, exquisite rhythms, exquisite format. One hardly knows whether to praise the contents less or the actual volume more. The very Japan vellum of the pages is the delicacy

of the poems themselves. Their prose is that rhythmic prose of Baudelaire and Pierre Louys in French, and "The Song of Songs" or certain finer passages of Ossian in English. Never once does the question of prosody or form intrude upon the reader, so adaptable is the pen of the writer. Rightly he calls them "pastels", for they are pictures in the true antique style, pictures of Helas, of Aeolia, of the Archipelago, bright with color, rapidly poised in motion, never flustered, sensuous yet somehow chaste. Mitchel S. Buck paints with the precision of an Alexandrian on his fine wax-tablets, though his modern eye, an eye like that of Paul Manship, never loses sight of the fact that he is working for a modern audience. This is the word that makes Greece live again, not a false borrowing of Grecian imageries and legend. Mr. Buck's Lesbia is the Lesbia of Sappho; his Aphrodite is the Knidian, the Kyprian goddess.

How helozoistic was the life of early Greece: naturally, Thales formed his first philosophy on strongly sympathetic grounds. After all, what was the difference between man and animal? Were they not both beloved by the gods? Did not the gods alike enter their forms? Man had two natures, and both had equal rights, the sensuous and the intellectual: from them combined the spiritual was formed, or rather exhaled as the sweet breath of a lovely poetry. These modern poems are truly very ancient: so near can art bring Past and Present.

"Down the shadowed forest glade the nymph flashes like a silver arrow from a bow. Her golden hair streams out like a flying veil; her eyes are bright with terror; her crimson, sobbing lips are salt with tears.

"Behind her, a dark shadow darting nimbly over the silent earth, a satyr speeds, his cheeks all flushed with red, his clutching hands stretched out. '—Ho, ho, ho!' chuckles an old man, leaning upon a staff. 'Ho, ho, ho! Why dost thou run? Thou wilt be caught! Thou wilt be caught!'"

Some of these pieces have a little too much activity of the physical existence in them, but still they are the very Sicilian vases before the eye.

Labor and Law.

There is hardly any subject which makes heavier demands upon the time and thought of our legislature than labor. Formerly our lawmakers attempted to cover every detail in legislating on labor problems, leaving it to the courts to enforce the law. To-day such legislation has become so voluminous in amount and highly technical in character that it has become impossible for legislatures to cover every detail. Instead it has been found better to mark out certain lines of action based on certain underlying principles and leave the details to administrative officers who are always on the job. In "The Principles of Labor Legislation" (Harpers) Professor Commons and Dr. Andrews have given us a very compact and complete summary of legislation on almost every conceivable subject directly affecting labor. The fundamental principle of all such legislation is that it must be

reasonable, "But reasonableness in labor legislation is as complicated as human life and modern industry. A reasonable standard in one field has no meaning in another." Health, safety, welfare, hours of labor, periods of rest, age and sex of workers, all raise a great variety of standards. Employer's liability, workmen's compensation, sickmen benefits, old age pensions, unemployment, woman and child labor, and the minimum wage are all pushing themselves to the fore, each with its own standard. What that standard is can be determined much more easily by an administrative body than by a legislature. All the subjects named and several others are dealt with in a very comprehensive way in the book under review. The general (and gentle) reader interested in such subjects will find his vision broadened by its perusal. The student will find a mine of valuable information in it and the investigator will find many helpful guides in his work.

A new translation of Carducci.

There is actual need for a worthy translation of the poems of the great poet and prophet of the Risorgimento. It is, therefore, with expectation that one approaches "The Rime Nuove of Giosuè Carducci" (Badger) translated from the Italian by Miss Laura Fullerton Gilbert. Unfortunately, that expectation is not satisfied. The extreme beauty of Carducci's work, its serenity, and again its passionate ardor couched in plastic and still Classicism, its flow, its picturing, its constant good taste, its frequent simple sublimity, are all gone. In the place of a poet of the first rank in the Italian, in the English we discover hardly a poet of the second order. In her well-written and interesting introduction, the author says that "the purpose of a translation is preëminently to arouse interest in the original, and if the quest of the unknown adds zest to the seeking, so much the better." But unfortunately she piques no curiosity, nor adds a zest to the seeking. Indeed, a lover of Carducci can hardly finish the volume.

Someone has said that translation is a sin against the Holy Ghost,—that is, a failure to believe in the unchangeable felicity and power of an original transcription of a spiritual experience, a taking of a masterpiece in vain. Be that so, one who attempts translation should be well aware of the sin accounted unto him: not if he fail to translate with exactitude the visible shells of poetry, but if he fail to make a new addendum to his native language, equal in beauty and ease to the father of his work, faithful in spirit and emotion. Carducci, of many geniuses, is hardest of all among the Latin races to translinguate, by reason of the Horatian manner of his composition. The dove-tailing of his syntax, meter, and thought, is the despair of the Moderns. Even the eminently scholarly Bickelsteth has failed in reproducing him in all but some few instances: a less eminent person might think long indeed, before entering upon an equal path with him.

A question which one still must ask, despite the author's introduction, is: why not translate the "Odi Barbare"? That were a gift; something to

make our English poets gird themselves for a new inspiration. May such a work come soon, but let him who undertakes it pause before he publishes. Padding, false sense of harmony in verse or stanza, bad taste in rhymes, will ruin it completely.

An important manual.

Not often has an American scholar produced a reference book more urgently needed and more thoroughly welcome, although a comparatively small audience is concerned, than "A Manual of the Writings in Middle English 1050-1400," by John Edwin Wells, professor of English in Beloit College. (Yale University Press). This splendid volume of 941 pages, beautifully and carefully made, betokens either extreme philanthropy on the part of the publishers, or an awakening of interest in the literature of the fascinating late English Middle Age. The author classifies all the English writing of the period indicated (in the case of Romance, all up to the age of printing) under main types, gives the probable date, the sources when known, the dialect in which first composed, and the generally accepted views of scholars. To this is added an abstract of each piece of any importance. The amount of work involved in this performance alone is enormous, especially as there is nothing slipshod or perfunctory about it. At the end a complete bibliography is given in the order of their description, with abundant cross-references which give the work a high degree of efficiency for the student. The large and important section of Romances is divided according to two principles: first according to theme and origin into English and Germanic Legends, Arthurian Legends, Charlemagne Legends, Breton Lais, etc., second according to probable Chronology and Dialect. This simple but exacting device will be found an inestimable boon to the student trying to gain a comprehensive survey of a certain type of romance. The proportion is for the most part perfect, the author playing no favorites. The fact that 148 pages are devoted to Chaucer merely indicates the more intensive cultivation by scholarship of that field. There is one surprising feature,—and a little disappointing. Chapters are devoted to Wycliffe, to Richard Rolle of Hampole, and to the Pearl poet; yet one will look in vain through the table of contents for any hint of the name William Langland, or even Piers Plowman, though of course the Piers Plowman sequence is discussed under a general type. However one should not be finicking; there is so much benefit here for the student and so much of interest to the curious reader that one should forgive an unintentional slight.

The three Oxford Reformers.

To his "Three Oxford Movements" the Rev. E. Parkes Cadman has added "The Three Oxford Reformers, Wycliffe, Wesley and Newman" (Macmillan). The book is a substantial collection of evidence and accepted opinion, together with historical exposition of the periods involved, written in admirable style with refreshing fullness of vocabulary. Of the three, Wycliffe presents most

difficulty for satisfactory treatment to-day, and Dr. Cadman has wisely adopted the results of recent writers. Wesley suffers no serious change; but one may question whether the popular idea of Wesley, the enthusiast, should not be supplemented by a fuller account of his labors to popularize knowledge, "natural philosophy," and the science so congenial to the Deists of the time. Wesley's "Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation, or a Compendium of Natural Philosophy" (1775) maintained its popularity, and the second American edition appeared in Philadelphia in 1816, in two volumes. The book is good reading to-day, the examples are chosen for their interest, and something of Wesley's selective sense might well be cultivated by text-book makers. The consciousness of natural religion, partly inspired perhaps by such writing as that of Addison's great hymns, and of the philosophical pamphlets, pervades the book. It must have appealed strongly to men only slightly concerned with doctrines of personal conversion. For Newman Dr. Cadman shows a sympathetic understanding, at its best when describing Newman's rather apathetic reception into the Roman communion. Browning alone could have done justice to the tragic poetry of Newman's later years. Only an Englishman, perhaps, can read between the lines of these years; the late Wilford Ward might have done that, and one may venture the opinion that no one outside the Anglican church has more successfully done so than Dr. Cadman. The book is testimony to an informing and constructive spirit of Christianity in the writer. The audiences, to whom these studies were originally addressed, are to be congratulated. Popular exposition, of such a high level, and of so scholarly and catholic a spirit, is rare in this country.

"A New History of France."

A satisfactory brief history of France is much needed. No work in English does for France what Henderson's "Short History of the German People" does for Germany. G. B. Adams' "Growth of the French Nation" is admirable, but is merely a sketch. A new work of the compass of J. Moreton Macdonald's three short volumes (Macmillan) is certain, therefore, to be scanned with eager expectancy by those who wish to see the various phases of French civilization adequately set forth. To many such readers Mr. Macdonald's work will prove, on the whole, disappointing. They possess solid merits, it is true, and yet this makes their defects the more annoying, especially in the case of the volume on the period from the outbreak of the French Revolution to the end of the Franco-Prussian War. In the first place the author retains the traditional subdivision by reigns, and so inevitably overemphasizes the military and political aspects of his subject. Such a chronological framework is rarely suited to the exposition of changes in industry, in literature, or in art. For example, chapter XIX bears the title of "Francis I. and the French Renaissance", but the distribution of space is significant, two or three paragraphs of random comment on the Renaissance being followed by

twenty-six pages about wars and political intrigue. Again, the introduction of machinery, which marks the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, is specifically located in two, if not in three, reigns, — those of Louis XVI, Napoleon, and Louis Philippe. Scarcely anything is given besides a bare mention, and the uninstructed reader will be left in mental confusion about a subject the great importance of which the author expressly states. The author's explanation of social conditions is much clearer and more interesting for the late Roman and mediaeval periods than for modern times. His treatment there is also more sympathetic. His description of the French Revolution is done in the same depreciatory spirit which characterized the chapters which he contributed to the eighth volume of the Cambridge Modern History. Many statements of fact must be questioned. The assertion, for example, that after the King and the National Assembly were transferred to Paris they "were completely in the grip of the mob" is grossly exaggerated. A little further on the author declares that the new municipal organization was "ill-advised in the moment of its adoption." This argues a slight acquaintance with what happened in the summer of 1789, when the old municipalities were overthrown by violence or changed by common consent. The Assembly could not restore them; some scheme of reorganization was inevitable. Mr. Macdonald calls the system vicious. Stein's collaborators did not think so in 1808, when they reorganized the Prussian towns. The fatal lack of control by the central authority was simply an incident of the existing distrust of the monarchy, and was speedily corrected under the Consulate by the introduction of prefectures. The author's prejudice against the work of the Constituent Assembly leads him to make the ludicrous statement that the law on the franchise withheld the vote from eighty-four per cent. of the population. As a matter of fact only three-sevenths of the men were disfranchised. The remainder of the eighty-four per cent. is made up of women and children.

A memoir.

It is to be feared that not many people in America will have the courage or even the curiosity to open Mr. Pound's "Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir" after a glance at the cover. On this cover is reproduced the photograph of a young sculptor with long hair and an unpleasant leer, in front of whom is a work entitled "Bird Swallowing a Fish", executed in what is roughly (often very roughly) called the Cubist style. There is no use in attempting to recommend this volume by concealing the fact that it is written by an extremely modern poet about an extremely modern sculptor.

And yet to those who are not already discouraged it may be said that the memoir has a threefold interest. In the first place it presents an unusual personality and a "romantic" career. Henri Gaudier was an eccentric and brilliant young Frenchman who lived and wandered about in England and Germany in typical Bohemian fashion, finally settling in London. Here he first

began sculpture and allied himself to the "vorticist" group, a number of writers, painters and sculptors whose official organ is a magazine called "Blast." At the outbreak of the war Gaudier, who had arbitrarily added to his name the hyphen Brzeska (pronounced Breshkah) returned to France to enlist. But as he had "skipped" his military service, he was arrested and threatened with "ten years in Africa." That night he climbed from the window of his temporary prison, escaped to England, explained his case to the French Embassy, and returned with better credentials to serve in the trenches, where he was killed in June, 1915. His letters from the trenches to Pound and others are the most vivid impressions of the war which the present reviewer has seen. Brzeska describes the whole thing as a "bloody bath of idealism." With a barbaric pride which is very characteristic he takes no pains to conceal his delight in killing. But he also writes of the larks and nightingales, "The shells do not disturb the songsters. . . They solemnly proclaim man's foolery and sacrilege of nature. I respect their disdain." The life of such a man is surely worth a glance, especially as it was ended at the age of twenty-three. Of his sculpture anyone may judge from the excellent reproductions of the plates, but not at a glance. The present reviewer had the opportunity of knowing the sculptor and seeing his work in the summer of 1914, and though he was by no means converted, he was convinced on examination that Brzeska was a fine craftsman in the new style and that he often succeeded in expressing emotion by means of his "arrangement of planes" and "balance of masses." There was, however, a good deal of malicious trickery in all his work. The third field of interest in Mr. Pound's book is — Mr. Pound; his humor, his rhetoric against the Philistine, and especially the theories of art held by the "vorticist" group. Under this last heading Mr. Pound assumes, not without a certain right, the mantle of Whistler. Mr. Pound has gained much in sanity and in clearness of expression; he is now not only amusing, he is stimulating. He brings out Brzeska's preference for the barbaric emotion of Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture as opposed to the alleged effeminacy of the Greek. The keynote of vorticism is the direct interpretation of feeling. As to sculpture this ideal is best stated by a quotation from Mr. Binyon's "Flight of the Dragon." "It is not essential that the subject-matter should represent or be like anything in nature; only it must be alive with a rhythmic vitality of its own." This is at least worth thinking over, and the book contains much else that is equally suggestive.

The sublime in science.

Poetic idealism comes to the defense of mathematics in "The Human Worth of Rigorous Thinking: Essays and Addresses" by Professor Cassius J. Keyser (Columbia University Press). The author has a deep sense of the poetry of the eternal and the immutable and in pleasing language he succeeds in conveying something of this feeling to his readers. Besides these chapters there are a number of excellent essays on other subjects of science.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Publisher of THE DIAL takes pleasure in announcing that Dr. Clinton J. Maseek has been appointed Editor, with Mr. Travis Hoke as Associate.

Dr. Maseek is a graduate of Tufts College, with an A.M. from Harvard University, and bears in addition the degree of *Docteur de l'université de Paris*. He is an instructor in English at Washington University, St. Louis. Dr. Maseek is perhaps best known for his association with modern drama and poetry through his connection with the little theatre movement and as sometime lecturer at Butler College, Indianapolis, and elsewhere.

Mr. Hoke has been identified with various newspapers of the Middle West; with the Greater St. Louis Committee as Secretary; with the Civic League of St. Louis as its Assistant Secretary; and as contributor to various magazines.

Mr. Martyn Johnson, the new business manager, has been associated with "The New Republic" during the past year and a half. He has contributed articles and stories to English and American magazines.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces for early publication, "The Story of Lord Kitchener," by Harold F. B. Wheeler.

"Hitting the Dark Trail" by that remarkable blind naturalist, Clarence Hawkes, is being published in England by Messrs. Harrap and Company.

The Yale University Press will publish in the fall "The Tidings Brought to Mary," a translation of "L'annonce Faite à Marie," by Paul Claudel. The work will be done by Louise Morgan Sill.

The Yale University Press has in preparation the Book of the Yale Pageant. The University is planning a great pageant for October to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the College in New Haven.

Students of English 18th century literature will welcome the announcement that the Yale University Press will publish in the fall "A Bibliography of Thomas Gray," by Clark Sutherland Northrup, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English, Cornell University.

James Pott & Company will publish about Sept. 15th the following books: "My Siberian Year," by M. A. Czaplicka; "Memoirs of M. Thiers," 1870-1873, by Translation by F. M. Atkinson, and "The French Renaissance," by Charles Sarolea.

At an early date The Roadside Press will publish "The Chicago Anthology," a book of poems by Chicago writers. It will contain about 150 selections by 100 authors. It will contain an introduction by Mr. Llewellyn Jones, literary editor of The Chicago Evening Post.

A new book, "Our Eastern Question," by Thomas F. Millard, is announced for publication shortly by the Century Co. In his two previous books, "The New Far East," and "America and the Far Eastern Question," the author has established his reputation as a sound critic of Eastern affairs.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

August, 1916.

Alcohol, How Business Fights.	Burton J. Hendrick	Harper's
Alcohol and Crime.	Robert Blackwood	Forum
American History, A New Chapter in.	Francis Arnold Collins	Bookman
Ape Man, Environment of the.	Professor Edward W. Berry	Scientific
Art, The Field of.	Ernest Peixoto	Scribner's
Australia's Part in the Great War.	Fred S. Alford	Rev. of Revs.
Autographs, A Collection of.	Agnes Repplier	Century
Bomb-Thrower in the Trenches.	A. Lieut. Z.	Scribner's
Box Hill and Its Memories.	Sir Sidney Colvin	Scribner's
Calling Out the Guard.		World's Work
Canada's Two Years of War and Their Meaning.	P. T. McGrath	Rev. of Revs.
Cancer, The Relation of Heredity to, in Man and Animals.	Dr. C. E. Little	Scientific
Casement, Sir Roger, and Sinn Fein.	H. W. Nevins	Atlantic
Christianity and the Sword.	Canon Samuel McComb	No. Amer.
Clarke, Hon. John H., Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court		Rev. of Revs.
Defense in Mexico, The First Line of.	George Marvin	World's Work
Defense, The National Business of.	Basil Miles	World's Work
Democratic Control of Foreign Policy.	G. Lowes Dickinson	Atlantic
Democratic Despot.	A. Helen Nicolay	Century
Dusk of the Gods, The: Conversation on Art with	George Moore, John Lloyd Balderston	Atlantic
Eastland Disaster, The.	Edith Wyatt	Metropolitan
England, The Genius of.	Havelock Ellis	No. Amer.
Evolution, the Role of Service in.	Dr. Hervey Woodburn Shimer	Scientific
Figureheads of the Old Square-riggers.	Victoria Hayward	Century
Flecker, James Elroy—English Parnassian.	Milton Brown	Bookman
German East Africa.	James B. Macdonald	Rev. of Revs.
Germany's Frenzied Trade.	Maurice Milloud	World's Work
Germany Loses the Initiative—Britain Begins.	Frank H. Simonds	Rev. of Revs.
Herbert Spencer's "The Duty of the State."	William Howard Taft	Forum
Hope Farm Man, The.	J. E. Sandford	Forum
Hughes, The Recall of Justice.	Burton J. Hendrick	World's Work
Ignominious Neutrality.	Philip Marshall	No. Amer.
L. M. M., The Story of the.	Theodore H. Price	World's Work
Irish-German Alliance, What an Irishman Thinks of the.	Patrick Francis Egan	Forum
Is It Fair? Howard Wheeler		Everybody's
Japan and America Bulwarks of Peace.	Dr. Jakichi Takamine	Forum
Japanese Bugaboo, The.		Forum
Kentucky Mountains, Changing Conditions in.	B. H. Schockel	Scientific
Labor Organizations, Essentials in the Study of.	Professor Frank T. Carlton	Scientific
Library, One Way to Choose Your.	Gilbert Payson Coleman	Bookman
Manifold Nature.	John Burroughs	No. Amer.
Man and His Machines.		World's Work
Merchant Marine, A Federal.	Paul Revere Frothingham	Atlantic
Mexico, Messages From		World's Work
Mexico, Our Navy and.	Samuel Crowther	Forum
Mexico, What War With Means		World's Work
National Guard, The: Its Status and Its Defects		Rev. of Revs.
Niger River, Mystery of the.	Cyrus C. Adams	Rev. of Revs.
Old Dominion, We Discover the.	Louise Closser Hale	Harper's
Origin and Evolution of Life Upon the Earth.	Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn	Scientific
Pennsylvania.	Agnes Repplier	American
Political Pledges.	The Editor	No. Amer.
Politics, The Second-Rate Man in.	Meredith Nicholson	Atlantic
Prices, The Skyward Career of All.	J. George Frederick	Rev. of Revs.
Promises and Performances in International Matters.	Theodore Roosevelt	Metropolitan
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"R. L. S.", South Sea Memories of. Maryland	Bookman
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Russian Freedom, a Forecast of	Forum
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Why the Farmer Does Not Reap Profits. J. E.	
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